The Outlook

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Check, Draft, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
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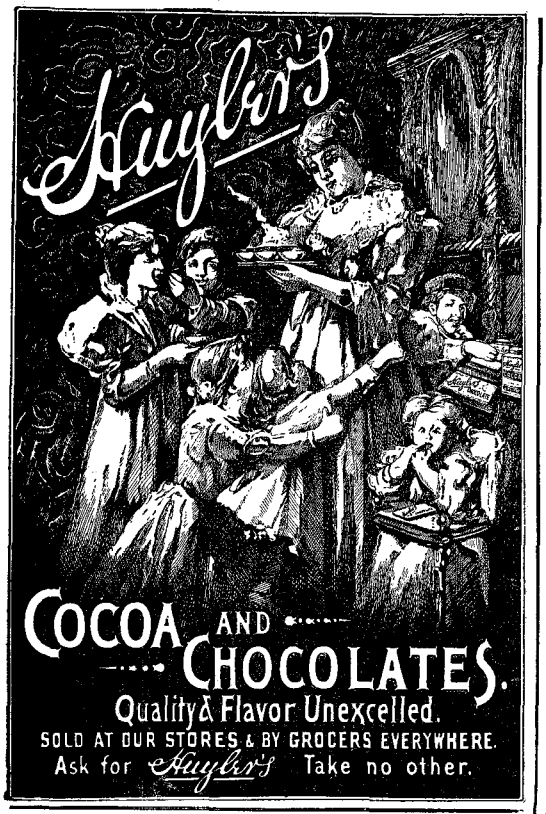
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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 60 September 10, 1898 No. 2

Gordon Avenged The victory of the Anglo-Indian forces at Omdurman practically closes the record of the extraordinary era of fanaticism and cruelty begun about sixteen years ago by the Mahdi. After thirteen years Gordon's death at Khartoum is avenged. More than that, the routing of the forces of the Mahdi's successor, the Khalifa, will open again to trade and to the possibilities of civilization the immense area of the Soudan, with its ten millions of inhabitants, which for now so many years has been shut off from the rest of the world, and has been the scene of continuous murder, outrage, and destruction. General Kitchener made his advance upon Omdurman on Sunday of last week. His forces comprised about 7,500 British infantry, 12,000 Egyptian infantry, and in all, including the cavalry, artillery, and camel corps, the army numbered between 20,000 and 25,000 men. The Khalifa's soldiers fought with the utmost braveness, as they have done in times past, and recalled the wild and fanatical and desperate courage shown by them in the campaign of 1885, when for the time being the British and Egyptian forces were compelled to retire from the Soudan. Not only were the attacks of the British forces repelled again and again, but in turn the Khalifa's followers charged upon the British lines, this time, however, in vain. No accurate estimate of the losses of either side has been made, but the British and Egyptian armies had probably less than fifty killed and three or four hundred wounded, while the losses of the enemy were probably up in the thousands. The Khalifa himself fled from the scene of battle, and was hotly pursued toward the southwest. He is probably making his way toward Koreofan, and the chances of his capture are great. One pleasant episode of the downfall of Omdurman was the rescue of Charles Neufeld, who has been for many years in captivity, and has been treated by the Khalifa with great severity. His final escape alive is nearly as remarkable as was that of Slatin Pasha, who fled from the Khalifa's cruelties about three years ago, and thereafter wrote the remarkable book which is the best and almost the only history of the Mahdi's movement. The newspapers have quite generally erred in speaking of General Kitchener's victory as the capture of Khartoum. It will be remembered that after the death of Gordon and the slaughter of his comrades the Mahdi razed Khartoum to the ground, and nothing now remains there except a few scattered huts. From the material obtained, in great part, by this destruction, Omdurman was built, on the other side of the river, and not far from the site of Khartoum. The victory not only restores a vast territory to Egypt, but strengthens more firmly than ever English power in Egypt. In London, on the day of the victory, a placard with the words "Avenged at Last" was placed by some one on General Gordon's statue in Trafalgar Square, and all day long crowds gathered about it and expressed satisfaction. The German Emperor took occasion to cable his congratulations to England, and it is said that while reviewing troops in Hanover he referred to the former alliance between British and German forces at the battle of Waterloo, adding, "The English a few hours ago won a victory against a stronger foe"—a remark which would hardly be particularly pleasing to France. This incident is one of many slight indications that a German and British alliance, if not actually concluded, is in process of formation.

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The Dreyfus Case Again The case of Captain Albert Dreyfus, the Alsatian Jew and officer of the Fourteenth Regiment of French artillery, employed in the Information Bureau of the Minister of War, is still fresh in the public mind. In

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October, four years ago, he was arrested on a charge of having sold military secrets to a foreign Power, the French Government having been put on the track of his offense, it was said, by the discovery of a letter, in his handwriting, found at the German Embassy. A violent anti-Semitic agitation was in progress at the time, and public opinion at once set strongly against Dreyfus. He was tried before a military court, and, in spite of earnest protestations of innocence, was convicted, mainly on the strength of an unsigned memorandum which indicated that its author had sold military secrets. On the trial this memorandum was submitted to five experts, two of whom were unable to find any trace of resemblance between the writing of the memorandum and that of Dreyfus, and one of whom (generally regarded as the most competent) maintained that Dreyfus, in writing the memorandum, had disguised his handwriting. The trial was conducted by court martial, with closed doors. Dreyfus was found guilty, condemned to be degraded from military rank, and to be imprisoned for life on Devil's Island, a penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana. His brother, Matthieu Dreyfus, made the charge that the real author of the famous memorandum was Major Esterhazy, who was arrested, tried by court martial behind closed doors, and acquitted. At this point Zola addressed his famous open letter to the President of the Republic, charging, among other offenses, that Esterhazy had been acquitted by the officers of the court martial under orders from their military chiefs. Zola was indicted, and his trial was, from an American point of view, a startling perversion of the methods of justice. Zola was found guilty, and, with the editor of the paper in which his letter appeared, was sentenced to imprisonment, and fined. The defendants subsequently appealed on the ground that the court which convicted them was incompetent. Their appeal was rejected, they were again tried before the court of Versailles, which had originally convicted them, and the same penalty was imposed upon them.

❀

Colonel Henry's Suicide Among those who appeared prominently in the Zola trial was Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, a peasant's son, who had risen to be head of the Intelligence Department of the French Army. The French Government has persistently refused to reopen the Dreyfus case, on various grounds, among others because it had discovered further proof of Dreyfus's guilt in the form of a letter, written apparently by a German military attaché to an Italian military attaché, which assumed knowledge of treasonable conduct on the part of Dreyfus. The Minister of War declared that the authenticity of this letter was indisputable. This letter, by his own confession, confirmed by suicide, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry forged, for the purpose of reinforcing the disputed proofs of Dreyfus's guilt. This confession and suicide, following so close upon the Zola trial, have set in motion a strong movement for the reopening of the whole case, and have caused the most intense popular excitement throughout France. Cavaignac, the Minister of War, who had laid such stress upon the forged letter, has resigned, still asserting his belief in Dreyfus's guilt, and General Zurlinden, the Military Governor of Paris, has succeeded him. Public feeling, which not many months ago made any advocacy of the cause of Dreyfus personally perilous, and which rarely, even in the history of France, has reached such a height of madness, is undergoing a rapid revolution. From all sides the Government is urged to reopen the Dreyfus case. Even the Paris press, which was furiously against Dreyfus, is now declaring that no other course is open to France, and the army joins in the demand. It would seem impossible that the Government should persist in the policy of refusing to reveal the evidence on which Dreyfus was convicted, and of refusing a full rehearing of the case. The military leaders have evidently been duped, or have been guilty of the gravest offenses against the State. Forces, moral, social, and political, are at work which must sooner or later compel the French Government to make a full disclosure of the Dreyfus matter, even at the risk of international complications.

❀

Queen Wilhelmina On Wednesday of last week the young Queen of Holland became eighteen years of age, and, in accordance with the Constitution of Holland, her reign began immediately. No ceremonies took place, however, upon that day, all public rejoicing and ceremony being deferred until this week, when the new Queen and her mother, the Queen Regent, proceeded from the Hague to Amsterdam, and were welcomed with the most genuine enthusiasm by

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the people of that city, and, indeed, to a large extent of Holland generally, gathered together for that purpose. The ceremony of Tuesday was not, strictly speaking, a coronation, for in Holland the kings and queens wear no crowns. It was really an enthroning. In all ways the exercises were simple, and for that reason were all the more impressive. The Queen, in the presence of representatives of the two legislative chambers, took an oath to maintain and observe the Constitution of Holland, to guard the national independence, and to protect the individual rights of all her subjects. This oath was taken on the Constitution itself—a custom peculiar to Holland. We will not undertake here to describe the festivities of the occasion, which was really a great national fête, but our readers will in due time have the pleasure of reading a special article on this subject to be sent to The Outlook by the well-known historian and student of Dutch life and literature, Dr. William Eliot Griffis. The personal affection of the people of Holland for their young Queen, and the girlish charm of her character, cannot fail to recall that occasion of sixty-one years ago when Queen Victoria was welcomed to the throne of Great Britain. May the new Dutch Queen's reign be as happy and prosperous as Victoria's!

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Samoa and the Powers

There is no real reason why the death of King Malietoa, which took place last week, should compel an immediate settlement of the Samoan question or a division of the islands. Under the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, made in Berlin in 1889, there was provision for the succession to the Samoan throne by an election under the usual native customs, but with the supervision of the Chief Justice, who is by the treaty a foreigner. The present Chief Justice is an American, and there can be little doubt that if an election of a new king is carried out, the Chief Justice would practically have the casting vote, so to speak. It will be remembered that the disposition of the Samoan question by the Berlin treaty was practically for a tripartite occupation by the United States, Germany, and Great Britain. Of late there have been signs that Germany desired a division of the territory; and it may be added that the tripartite government is cumbrous and in many ways unsatisfactory. The Samoan Islands, in point of fact, are not of very great commercial importance; their total commerce amounts to only about $600,000 a year, while the population is less than 40,000. The islands are now, however, of special value to this country, because they form a station on the route from San Francisco through the Hawaiian Islands to Australia and New Zealand. The division of the islands which has been proposed would give to the United States the smallest of the three principal islands—that containing the harbor and coaling-station of Pago Pago, already ours—while Germany would take the island which has the most trade, and England that which has the greatest area. The late King Malietoa was a man of interesting and picturesque personality. Although descended from many generations of cruel and savage ancestors, he was of the mildest disposition, had Christian forbearance, and more than once showed himself willing to sacrifice his own interests and even his throne for the possible future benefit of his country. His deposition between 1887 and 1889 was accompanied by some touching evidences of his devotion to his people. It is said that the phrase he used most constantly to express his deepest wish was, "Some good thing for Samoa." A newspaper writer on his reign well expresses the truth in saying that Malietoa "had to see his feeble realm of distant islands caught up in the whirl of confused diplomacy of European Powers seeking its dismemberment."

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Army Mismanagement

The attention of the country is concentrated on the question whether the soldiers in the recent campaign were properly cared for and are now properly taken care of in the various camps and hospitals. Secretary Alger continues to maintain an attitude toward his critics which indicates, apparently, entire inability on his part to recognize the gravity of the charges against army management, and the depth and extent of public feeling. While the President was inspecting Camp Wikoff last week, one of the nurses called his attention to the fact that soldiers were dying in the grass outside the hospital, and that it was impossible to get them under its roof. It was explained to the President that the nurse was "hysterical." Unfortunately, reports which come in from many quarters regarding the condition of the troops in camps, especially of the sick, in-

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dicate that this kind of hysteria is very general. The Merchants' Association of this city has issued an appeal for aid, with the initial statement that "within one hundred miles of New York several thousand soldiers of the United States army are slowly starving to death. Thousands of our soldiers, especially those of the regular army, are still unsupplied with the food required to preserve their lives. This statement of facts is made, after careful personal investigation upon the ground, by thoroughly competent men." In all parts of the country private organizations are springing up and private persons are being solicited for means to care for the sick and wounded troops of a Government which prides itself on being the richest in the world. The reported determination of the Government to abandon Camp Wikoff is interpreted as a confession that the ground was improperly selected, and is to be abandoned on account of its unsanitary condition. This ground was selected by the War Department at its leisure. Camp Alger has already been abandoned on account of its unsanitary condition, although within half an hour of the capital of the Nation. The reports of the unsanitary condition of the camp at Chickamauga show, apparently, a similar state of affairs there. At one army post the surgeon in charge has been trying for weeks to secure permission to take the men in his care, who are in a critical condition on account of the fever they have passed through, from their thin shelter tents to the protection of an unoccupied building in the immediate neighborhood, belonging to the Government, but has been unable to obtain any reply to his request. It is said, apparently on good authority, that in some cases army surgeons have been without medicine since the first of July. The parade of the Seventy-first New York in this city last week was probably as pitiful a spectacle as was ever presented by troops returning victorious from a gallant campaign. The men were emaciated, many of them were compelled to ride in carriages, and of these a number were so exhausted that they slept through the tumult of the crowds which filled the streets. Making all due allowance for matters to which the public attention has already been called—the Cuban climate, and the haste with which the army was improvised and sent to the front—there remains ample ground, apparently, for the profound feeling of indignation which exists throughout the country, and which will not be satisfied until there has been a thorough examination of the whole matter.

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The New War-Ships

It is a matter of public congratulation that the pressure of opinion exerted through the press led to the revision of the specifications for our new battle-ships, the bidding for which has just been closed. Originally the plans called for ships of no greater speed than fifteen knots an hour, which is less than some of our present ships possess, and much less than the speed of the best foreign ships. The award last week of the contracts for the building of the Maine, the Missouri, and the Ohio was made to three separate firms, the Cramps Company, the Union Iron Works, and the Newport News Company. All the ships are to have a speed of eighteen knots, for although the bids were for either a seventeen-knot or an eighteen-knot ship, there is practically no doubt that the Government will insist upon the latter. It is fortunate that the bids were of such a nature that the work could be divided among different shipbuilders, as in this way the ships may be finished sooner. Even on this plan the time allowed is from thirty-one to thirty-three months—quite a little longer than has been required in building several of the foreign war-ships. It is understood that the Cramps will practically duplicate the fine ship they are now under contract to build for Russia. The average cost of the three ships will be about $2,875,000. Bids have also been accepted recently for the building of twenty-eight torpedo-boats and torpedo-destroyers. This number of boats of these classes will strengthen our navy in this direction as much as is needed at present. While we have been greatly deficient in boats of these classes heretofore, it is also true that the results of the war just finished show that the need of these boats is not as great as had been previously supposed. On the other hand, the necessity of having a strong line of battle-ships has been emphasized over and over again. With the three battle-ships now contracted for, the five now in course of construction, and the five now in service, the United States will not be inferior in this direction to other navies, all things considered. We believe that there is little or no difference of opinion as to the necessity of maintaining our navy at a high point of efficiency. This does not necessarily mean that our navy should be large

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as compared with those of England and Russia, but that it should be capable of defending our coast in the event of sudden war, and that it should be in the future, as it has been in the recent past, a model to other nations in respect to efficiency, accuracy, and fighting power.

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The South Carolina Primaries

The direct primaries in South Carolina, which have been the occasion of a more active and interesting campaign than is likely to precede the State election in November, were held last week, and revealed a strong Prohibition sentiment. There were seven candidates for the nomination for Governor. Governor Ellerbe, who stood for renomination as the champion of the dispensary system—restricting the sale of liquor to about one hundred State agencies, and forbidding all sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises—received the largest vote—30,000. Next to him came Mr. Featherstone, whose candidacy was belittled by the daily papers, but whose advocacy of complete prohibition brought him 18,000 votes. The other five candidates, whose attitude toward the dispensary was of less importance, received, all told, barely the vote of Governor Ellerbe. Mr. Schumbert, who won so much applause on the stump by telling how his son had been disciplined in the army for refusing to hold the horse of a negro officer, carried the primaries at Charleston and Columbia, but polled a relatively small vote in the rural districts. As no candidate received a majority of all the votes, a second primary will be held next week, at which only the Governor and Mr. Featherstone will be candidates. It is probable that Governor Ellerbe will be renominated, as the votes hostile both to him and to the dispensary system cannot be concentrated upon his opponent. The campaign has resulted in a good deal of criticism of all the candidates, and there has been some discourtesy exhibited, but the Charleston "News and Courier" reports that the "general shaking up" is believed to have been beneficial. One result that has been gratifying to the Conservatives has been the practical disappearance of the old factional feud between themselves and the triumphant Reformers. For Congressional and minor offices many Conservatives were voted for by Reformers, and Reformers by Conservatives—a result that could not easily have been reached had nominations continued to be made by the aggressive workers for the two factions. A direct primary, at which all voters in general sympathy with a party are allowed to take part, seems to be the surest preventive of permanent factions. This feature of direct primaries may partially reconcile to it the party managers who are for other reasons its most strenuous opponents.

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Political Events

From a National standpoint the most important action of any political convention last week was the explicit declaration of the Iowa Republicans in favor of the gold standard. Until 1896 the Iowa Republicans always demanded the enlarged use of silver as currency, and in 1896 the Iowa representatives at St. Louis nearly all opposed the use of the word "gold" in the financial plank. This year, however, their declaration is as follows: "The experience of the last two years has fully approved the gold standard of the Republican party, as declared by the National Convention of 1896. . . . The monetary standard of this country and of the commercial world is gold. The permanence of this standard must be assured by Congressional legislation giving to it the validity and vitality of public law." In Wisconsin the agitation in favor of direct primaries bore fruit in the Democratic Convention as it had in the Republican. In fact, the Democratic plank on this subject was even more explicit than the Republican in favor of a primary election law by which "nominations shall be made by the direct vote of the people." In the main, the Democratic platform is devoted chiefly to State issues, but on National questions the Convention unequivocally reaffirmed the Chicago platform. Notwithstanding this, however, a disposition manifested to conciliate the Gold Democrats led to the failure of the expected fusion with the Populists. In New Hampshire the Democratic platform declared against the annexation of the Philippines, and against the maintenance of a large standing army. It was understood that this platform was designed to restore harmony between the gold and silver wings of the party, but it reaffirmed the principles of the party as enunciated in its National Conventions, and proclaimed its devotion to Mr. Bryan as a leader. In New York State the popularity of Colonel Roosevelt as a hero of the Cuban war has led to a spontaneous movement all

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over the State in favor of his nomination for Governor. So strong is this movement that the machine leaders seem to contemplate yielding to it. The election in Arkansas resulted, of course, in a Democratic victory. All that was important in this election or in that in Vermont, which is taking place as we go to press, is the relative decrease in the votes of the two parties.

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The Quay Machine and the Banks

Mr. Wanamaker has called attention to new and convincing evidence that the system of keeping millions of dollars of Pennsylvania funds on deposit with favored banks without interest was maintained directly by and for the political machine. The evidence in question is that of ex-Congressman Darlington, of West Chester, who, it appears, has recently been forced to tell how the system worked in the case of the bankrupt Chester County Trust Company, of which he was President. According to his testimony, "the current expenses" charged on the books of his company were actually political contributions to Republican State and county committees. These contributions were made, he said, pursuant to "a sort of implied understanding" with "the parties who were influential in controlling State deposits." His cross-questioning on this point ran as follows:

"Was this understanding with the State Treasurer?"

"I did not say that," said Mr. Darlington; "it was an implied understanding."

"Who was that understanding with?"

"With those who controlled State deposits."

"Who were they?"

"Myself, for one."

"Who else?"

"Various parties connected with the Republican organization."

"Was the State Treasurer one of these parties?"

"I never had any conversation with him upon that subject. I was myself on his bond, and I had some say where the money should go."

"As long as the State deposit was in the Trust Company, there was paid in contributions each year from 2 to 3 per cent.?"

"Yes."

The State money, therefore, has been earning interest, as everybody said it should, but instead of earning interest for the State, it has earned it for the statesmen. Now that the reformers have upon the oath of a bank official what before was only an inference, it is to be hoped that the campaign for the overthrow of the machine will make new headway. The chief danger seems to be the presence of National issues in the campaign. As a rule, the Republican papers prefer the re-election of Mr. Quay to the triumph of a Democratic candidate who believes in the free coinage of silver, and insist that Dr. Swallow, the nominee of the Independents and the Prohibitionists, cannot possibly be elected. "City and State," however, to which we are mainly indebted for this paragraph, believes that victory for Dr. Swallow is possible.

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The Quebec Conference

Since our last week's summary of matters to be discussed at the Quebec Conference some important work has been done, though its bearing on the result cannot yet be ascertained. The Commissioners will not give full news to the press, but the presence of several deputations has indicated pretty accurately certain questions which are being considered. The lumber interest, the Canadian sealers, the New England fishing interest, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce have sent representatives, each urging its own views of what should and should not be done. It is time to make a protest against the too frequent demands of special interests. Although the Commissioners on both sides are men exceptionally well informed, it is necessary, of course, to supplement their knowledge by reports of the latest phases of the matters dealt with; yet they were appointed, not to be dictated to by these interests, but to subordinate them to the general interest by the mutual exchange of national advantages. It has been asserted in dispatches, and has not been as yet contradicted, that the alien labor laws, the mining regulations, the inshore Atlantic fisheries, the bonding privilege, and the Behring Sea fisheries have all been discussed preparatory to the most important subject, changes in the tariff of both countries. Not only so, but it is said that special efforts were made not to complicate other matters with the tariff for fear of causing a vital disagreement. Undoubtedly our side of the question has not been so insistent upon a simultaneous and connected settlement of all matters as that of the Canadians has been; we could afford to settle some and leave others to the future. But it has been the claim of the Canadian Liberals that they could clear away these outstanding difficulties in which their Conservative oppo-

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nents had failed; hence their dislike of a partial arrangement. The deliberations have been made more difficult by Newfoundland's position. Sir James Winter, the representative of that colony, insists that, if the Canadian terms are such that Newfoundland cannot accept them, he shall be allowed to take independent action and secure his own terms from the United States. This is the attitude which resulted in the Bond-Blaine treaty which the Imperial Government promptly disallowed. It is not likely that Great Britain will permit any action by Newfoundland which would displease the Dominion; it is the imperial policy not to do so.

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American Social Science Association

The American Social Science Association held its thirty-sixth annual meeting at Saratoga last week. The Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin, the President, delivered an instructive address on the "History of American Morals," in the course of which he characterized the factory system as a triumph of collectivism over individualism, thus involving the subordination of the man to the machine, every such workshop being a "school of fatalism." The report of the General Secretary, the Rev. Frederick Stanley Root, of New York, emphasizes the desirability of enlisting more women in the work of the Association, on the ground that some of the most important contributions to social science proceed from the pens of women students of social problems. The General Secretary reported a gain of one hundred and forty-five new members during the year, many of whom are men well known in literary fields. Perhaps the most significant act of the Association, on motion of Mr. St. Clair McKelway, was the transmission of a cablegram to the Czar of Russia, which read as follows:

> To the Czar, St. Petersburg: The American Social Science Association unanimously hails the lofty purpose of your overture for a better understanding among nations and for better economic conditions for their peoples, and confides in its eventual success.

The Association unanimously and enthusiastically sustained the motion. The sessions of the Association maintained the usual prestige of expert discussion of topics of vital and universal interest, and among the speakers were the Hon. William P. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, the Hon. F. B. Sanborn, of the Springfield "Republican," the Hon. Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, the Hon. St. Clair McKelway, and Dr. W. J. Holland, Chancellor of Western University, Pittsburg.

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Papers of Note

The paper of Mr. Charles A. Gardner, of New York, on the "Proposed Anglo-American Alliance" contained an extraordinary marshaling of statistics in favor of such union, and the keynote of the paper was the phrase, "The grandest thought of the century is the convergence of the Anglo-Saxon race." Hon. Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, in his paper on "School Playgrounds and Baths," emphasized the widespread hygienic and moral influences, chiefly the latter, which had followed the effect of the action of the city authorities in promoting juvenile facilities in these directions. On Thursday morning, Jurisprudence Day, Dean Wayland, of the Yale Law School, presented some startling figures as to the increase of homicides and the tardy and infrequent infliction of penalty, and a brisk discussion followed as to the ethics of the legal profession in criminal defense. It was urged by one speaker with much earnestness of conviction and power of statement that the ethics of said profession might be as conspicuously strained in corporation practice as in criminal proceeding. On the day devoted to the health department, Dr. Elmer Lee, of New York, maintained that the present breakdown of competent medical direction in soldiers' camps was not due chiefly to general Government maladministration, but to the failure among various medical schools to standardize methods of treatment, especially in fevers. The session closed with an address by Dr. W. J. Holland "on the purification of municipal water supplies by filtration." The entire meeting of the Association was remarkable for largely increased attendance and renewed interest in the affairs of this, the oldest of all societies of its class.

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Mr. Stranahan's Death

The truest memorial to James S. T. Stranahan, who died at Saratoga on Saturday last, will be, not the bronze statue erected by the citizens of Brooklyn at the entrance to Prospect Park, but the park itself. To his persistent effort was chiefly due the transforming of a large area of open land into one of the most beautiful parks in the country; the intelligent

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skill which united the landscape gardener's art with the providing for the practical needs of a great city population was largely directed by him. In many other ways Mr. Stranahan advanced the interests of Brooklyn, and earned for himself the title so often given him of its "First Citizen." He was one of the earliest and most influential promoters of the Brooklyn Bridge project, had much to do with the ferry and warehouse system, was at the head of the Sanitary Fair Commission which raised nearly half a million dollars for our soldiers in the Civil War, was a member of the boards of directors of the Brooklyn Institute, the Polytechnic, and the Academy of Music, and was constantly active in many forms of philanthropic and educational work. For three years over half a century he had been a resident of Brooklyn, and no one man has had his name so closely identified with the material growth and prosperity of the city. In all the undertakings with which he was connected, and more particularly in his administration as President of the Park Commission, he recognized merit and capacity as the only test for service, and was a living exponent of the principles of Civil Service Reform long before those principles won their political victory. Mr. Stranahan was a little over ninety at the time of his death, and he maintained in his old age much of the intellectual clearness of mind and executive force which made his life one of such great public utility. Such a man is in himself an honor to the great city which he had helped to form, and must long be held in grateful memory.

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The British Pacific Cable The British Pacific Cable scheme becomes complete by the adhesion of New Zealand, which is practically assured by the report of a legislative committee. The burden of the cost is apportioned by Great Britain and Canada assuming five-ninths, while New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand are to contribute one-ninth each. There has never been any serious opposition to the scheme in any of the colonies, the only obstacle being due to the company, of which the late Sir John Pender was President. The cable will be begun very soon, and will connect New Zealand and Australia with Vancouver, British Columbia, and probably take an intermediate station at one of the small British islands near Hawaii. This is part of a scheme to make communication within the Empire independent of the outside world. It is likely to be completed before our own cable, and may prove very useful to us if a connection should be made between Australia and the Philippines, or, after the completion of our proposed line to Hawaii, if a branch should be extended to the British intermediate station at the nearest islands. It is more than probable, however, that commercial needs, which are becoming more urgent every month, will prompt the construction of a complete and independent system of our own as a logical part of our commercial development.

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The Peace Proposals of the Czar

The peace proposal of the Czar of Russia, which we print in full on another page, may easily prove, in its final results, to be the most important state paper of the century. The emancipation of the serfs in Russia, the emancipation of the slaves in America, were both far more important in their immediate results; but each affected directly only one nation, while, in its not improbable outcome, the Czar's proposal may affect the whole civilized world. These proclamations abolished different forms of slavery in two empires; this aims to abolish war throughout the civilized world. And it would be difficult to determine which of the two is the greater evil. Slavery produces the greater degradation, but war the greater suffering; slavery forbids growth, war perverts it; slavery is the mother of ignorance and idleness, war of passion and greed. Both are inhuman uses of force by the strong against the weak. Slavery is legitimate only as a transition from the idleness of barbarism to the free and joyous labor of a Christian civilization; war is legitimate only as a forcible means of destroying a power used for purposes of practical enslavement. Thus the proposal for peace comes naturally from the successor of him who gave to the anti-slavery movement throughout the world so great an impulse by his proclamation emancipating the serfs throughout the Russian Empire.

Nevertheless, this proposal has startled Europe because of the source whence it comes. Anglo-Saxons are wont to regard the great and, as it appears to all Anglo-Saxon

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people, ill-organized Empire of Russia as but semi-civilized. Its aristocracy is indeed highly educated, as its bureaucracy is highly organized; but neither constitutes the nation. Anglo-Saxons are wont also to regard Russia as an Empire which rests upon force and depends for its existence on the power of its standing army. We are so habituated to local independence that we are unable to conceive the mental attitude of a people who are content to be governed, if indeed they do not prefer autocracy to the responsibilities of self-government. Thus philosophic thinkers have regarded the existence of Russia as the one insuperable obstacle to European disarmament. A great Cossack Empire, governed by force and controlled by an autocrat, an Empire which is purely military in its organization, and has heretofore been supposed to be so in its ideas also, has apparently compelled the rest of Europe to keep itself armed, much as the existence of a half-savage tribe of Indians compels a border community to keep itself always ready for possible attack, though the attack may never come. It is this Cossack Empire whose autocratic head now proposes preparations for universal peace.

No wonder that European statesmen and European journals know not what to make of the proposal. It speaks well for the reputation of the Czar that, with scarcely a single exception, his sincerity is not called in question. It would hardly have been strange had even the authenticity of his proposal been doubted. The reception accorded to it shows that the Czar is not mistaken in thinking that the time is ripe for the consideration of such a measure as he proposes. It is true that one morning London journal suggests cynically that Russia is not prepared for war with Great Britain, and that this is the Czar's method of delaying hostilities until she is ready; true that one or two French journals indicate that France will not consent to disarmament until she has won back Alsace and Lorraine; true that some of the German journals receive the suggestion of disarmament with a sneer. But these are the exceptions. Whatever may come later, the first expressions of the European press are those of warm approval; the chief, if not the only, criticism is the supposed impracticability of the Czar's high ideals. It is evident that the combined effect of the crushing burdens of war taxes, the dread of the results of another European war on the scale of that of the Napoleonic era, and the preaching of peace by such poets as Tennyson and such novelists as Tolstoï, Schlevinski, Suttner, and Zola have produced both a profounder and a wider impression than any one had supposed. It would be too much to say that Europe is prepared for peace; but it is well within bounds to say that Europe is quite prepared to consider whether international provision for universal peace is not possible.

The reader may think that we are reading into the Czar's proposal what is not really there; that he proposes, not absolute disarmament and universal peace, but only a reduction of armaments which are imposing on the nations a burden too heavy to be borne, and threatening them with a conflagration which might involve universal ruin. It is true that the Czar is too wise a statesman to define with accuracy a policy. In form he indicates a discussion, not a revolution. He simply asks a question; he thus does what in him lies to avoid those race and national jealousies which any proposal of definite policy would be sure to excite. "We all agree," he says, in effect, "that peace is desirable. We have been increasing our military and naval equipments in order to protect ourselves and preserve the blessings of peace for our people. The evils of this method are many and manifest. Let us come together and see if we cannot devise some better way." But it is literally evident that there is but one other way—that of a permanent court of international law, whose decisions would be respected by common consent, or, if need be, enforced on the recalcitrant State by common action. International differences will continue to arise. For their settlement, as for the settlement of controversies between individuals, only two methods are really possible—war and law. The one appeals to force, the other to reason. The methods by which reason may have an opportunity for expression are indeed various. But muscle or brain, force or reason, war or law, present the only possible alternatives. Two years ago, when the proposal was made in England and in this country for the establishment of a permanent Supreme Court for the settlement of all issues arising between these two countries, the proposal was treated by a certain class of journalists and politicians as wholly chimerical, the notion of visionaries and dreamers. Practically, though not in form, the Czar has enlarged this proposal to include all the nations of Europe, and by his presentation of it has introduced it at

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once into the realm of practical international politics.

But even more remarkable than the proposal itself, or the reception which has been accorded to it, is the spirit in which it is conceived. For it is, not in the political but in the sociological sense of the word, a thoroughly democratic document; and that a democratic state paper should issue from the greatest autocrat of Europe is quite as surprising as that an appeal to the nations on behalf of peace should issue from the most distinctively military power in Europe. There is, it is true, in this document nothing inconsistent with the paternal theory of government. It does not assume, it does not even remotely imply, any theory of self-government. But it appeals to the nations of Europe on the distinct ground that war armaments are not merely an economic loss to the nation, but have become an intolerable burden to the common people. Though it does not even remotely imply that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, it does assume that government to be just must be administered for the benefit of the governed. Though it is not based on those principles which we borrowed from France at the close of the last century, it is absolutely inconsistent with that Cæsarism which Russia has borrowed from ancient Rome. It must be regarded as a notable sign of the times that two of the most remarkable state papers of the last quarter-century—the Pope's famous Encyclical on Socialism and the Czar's call for an International Peace Conference—issuing, one from the greatest ecclesiastical autocrat of Europe, the other from its greatest political autocrat, are both written in the spirit of human brotherhood, both aim at the welfare of the common people rather than at the preservation of the privileges of the classes, and both are even couched to a considerable extent in the phraseology of modern industrial democracy.

It is this fact which will give to the Czar's proposal its chief political power. That it will lead to immediate disarmament we are not sanguine enough to believe. That the spirit of militarism can be exorcised by one call to peace, even though it proceed from the Czar of all the Russias, we cannot hope. So mighty an evil spirit is not so easily expelled from organized society. But this paper, so simple in its conception and so explicit in its phrasing as to be easily understood by the unlearned and the untrained, cannot but have the effect of weakening the power of militarism. For that power depends on the consent of great bodies of men to be led to the slaughter without knowing the reason, and indeed often without reason. Philosophers rarely affect such masses of men; they are a trifle more influenced by poets and novelists, but poems and novels are chiefly for the cultivated, and the power of militarism depends upon the unquestioning submission of the uncultivated. But now that the Czar has translated into a practical form the protests of Karl Marx and Count Tolstoï against war, it is certain that the fact will be reported in many a home which Karl Marx and Count Tolstoï never could reach.

The discussion of the question to which the Czar invites the crowned heads of Europe will not be confined to Court circles; it will not be limited to the cultivated and educated classes. In spite of race prejudice, making the ignorant inhospitable to any idea not emanating from one of their own countrymen, the agitation which the Czar has initiated will permeate the classes of society from which the armies are recruited, and men who have never thought on the subject before will be incited to ask themselves the question whether it is for their interest to support great armies by their contributions of money and service, that a few may win glory in battle or live in ease in time of peace; whether all the benefits the common people derive from great armaments cannot be obtained by less costly methods. When once the common people begin to ask that question, it may be hoped that they will not be satisfied until they get an answer to their questioning. The process of disarmament will be begun when the spirit of popular inquiry is once really aroused.

The relation which this epoch-making state paper has to the spirit of militarism in this country, and the reasons it suggests for a halt in the wild plans of indefinite increase in the army and navy of the United States, which have already appeared in some quarters, may well be left for future consideration.

What part this country may take in the proposed conference remains to be seen. But it is certain that nowhere will the proposal be more intelligently read and studied and more warmly welcomed than in the United States; and hardly less certain that if Russia, Great Britain, and the United States were to combine in the effort to substitute law for war as the recognized method of settling interna-

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tional controversies, the rest of the civilized world would be compelled in due time to accept the substitution, however commercial jealousy, race pride, and inveterate prejudice might delay the consummation of so desirable a revolution.

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The Method of a Statesman

It was the habit of an American statesman, who rose to the highest official position, to prepare himself in advance upon every question which was likely to come before Congress, by thorough and prolonged study. His vacations and his leisure hours during the session were spent in familiarizing himself with pending questions in all their aspects. He was not content with a mastery of the details of a measure; he could not rest until he had mastered the principle behind it, had studied it in the light of history, and in its relation to our political institutions and character. His voluminous note-books show the most thorough study, not only of particular measures and questions as they came before the country from time to time, but of a wide range of related subjects. He once said that for every speech he had delivered he had prepared five; and the statement was not only literally true, but it threw clear light on a career of extraordinary growth and success.

For the characteristic of this career was its steady expansion along intellectual lines. It was exceptional in its disclosure of that inward energy which carries the man who possesses it over all obstacles, enables him to master adverse conditions, to secure education without means, and culture without social opportunity; but it was not unexampled in a country which has seen so many men of ultimate distinction emerge from entire obscurity. Its material success has been paralleled many times; but its intellectual success has rarely been paralleled. It disclosed inward distinction; a passion for the best in life and thought; an eager desire to see things in their largest relations. And so, out of conditions which generally breed the politician, the statesman was slowly matured. History, religion, literature, art, were objects of his constant and familiar study; and he made himself rich in general knowledge as well as in specific information. This ample background of knowledge of the best which the world has known and done in all the great fields of its activity gave his discussions of specific questions breadth, variety, charm, and literary interest.

Such a career, the record of which may be clearly traced, not only in public history, but in a vast mass of preparatory notes and memoranda of every description, illustrates in a very noble way the importance of that constant and general preparation which ought to include special preparation as a landscape includes the individual field. That field may have great value and ought to have the most careful tillage; but it cannot be separated, in any just and true vision, from the other fields which it touches, and which run, in unbroken continuity, to the horizon; and this preparation involves constant study in many directions with the definite purpose of enrichment and enlargement. No kind of knowledge comes amiss in this larger training. History, literature, art, and science have their different kinds of nurture to impart and their different kinds of material to supply; and the wise man will open his mind to their teaching and his nature to their ripening touch. The widely accepted idea that a man not only needs nothing more for a specific task than the specific skill which it demands, but that any larger skill tends to superficiality, is the product of that tendency to excessive specialization which has impaired the harmony of modern education, and dwarfed many men of large native capacity.

In some departments of knowledge and activity the demands on time and strength are so great that the man who works in them can hardly venture outside of them without a loss in the totality of his achievement; but even in these cases it is often a question whether too great a price has not been paid for a narrow and highly specialized skill. There is not only no conflict between a high degree of technical skill and wide interests and knowledge; there is a clear and definite connection between the two. For in all those higher forms of work which involve, not only expert workmanship, but a spiritual content of some kind, the worker must bring to his task, not only skill, but ideas, force, personality, temperament; and, sound workmanship being secured, his rank will depend, not on specific expertness, but on the depth, energy, and splendor of the personality which the work reveals.

Creative men feel the necessity of many interests and of wide activities. Their natures require rich pasturage; they must be fed from many sources. They secure the skill

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of the specialist, but they never accept his limitations of interest and work. The clearer their vision of the unity of all forms of human action and expression, the deeper their need of studying at first hand these different forms of action and expression. Goethe did not choose that comprehensiveness of temper which led him into so many fields; it was the necessity of a mind vast in its range and deep in its insight. Herbert Spencer has done work which discloses at every point the tireless industry and rigorous method of the specialist; but the field in which he has concentrated his energy has included practically the development of the universe and of human life and society. Mr. Gladstone was a master of all the details, skill, and knowledge of his profession; but how greatly he gained in power by the breadth of his interests, and what charm there was in the revelation of the man of religious enthusiasm, of ardent devotion, and of ripe culture, through the politician and statesman!

Byron knew the secrets of the art which he practiced with such splendid success as few men have known them. His command of the lyric form was complete. And yet who that loves his work has not felt that lack in it which Matthew Arnold had in mind when he said that, with all his genius, Byron had the ideas of a country squire? The poet was a master of the technique of his art; he had rare gifts of passion and imagination; but he lacked breadth, variety, and depth of thought. There is a monotony of theme and of motive in his compositions.

Tennyson, on the other hand, exalted his technical skill by the reality and richness of his culture. Nothing which contains and reveals the human spirit was alien to him. He did not casually touch a great range of themes; he studied them patiently, thoroughly, persistently. Religion, philosophy, science, literature, history, were his familiar friends; he lived with them, and they so completely confided to him their richest truths that he became their interpreter. So wide were his interests and so varied his studies that he came to be one of those men in whom the deeper currents of an age flow together and the tumult of angry and contending currents issues in a great harmonious tide. No modern man has prepared himself more intelligently for specific excellence by general training, and no man has more splendidly illustrated the necessity of combining the expertness of the skilled workman with the insight, power, and culture of a great personality. A life which issues in an art so beautiful in form and so significant in content reveals both the necessity of constant and general preparation and the identity of great working power with great spiritual energy.

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The Sea is His

For months past the thoughts of the Nation have been with the men on the high seas. Their daring, their quick response to every demand on character, discipline, and skill, and their brilliant achievements, have kindled the imagination of the country as it has not been kindled for years past. To many, recent events have been like the lifting of a great curtain; they had been so long home-bound that they had almost forgotten that there were other worlds beyond the horizon, other peoples beyond the seas, marvelous countries beyond the dip of the sky. Suddenly, in the quietness of this sluggish content, reports of great deeds on distant oceans have come flashing beneath the tides, strange names freighted with the richness of the tropics have crossed the threshold of familiar speech, and distant peoples have moved into the field of interest. The ships of the Nation, sailing through remote waters or cruising along unfamiliar shores, have been the forerunners of the thoughts of the Nation.

From the earliest times the sea has united rather than separated men; it has made the ends of the earth accessible. Three-quarters of the surface of the globe is covered with water; and this vast flood, the rush of whose tides seems to threaten the very existence of the land, is sometimes spoken of as if it were a vast and habitless waste! We forget how great a part of the most useful and heroic life of the race has been spent on this trackless waste; that armies of men live upon it and by means of it as normally and constantly as by the culture of the soil or the making of things of use, or the thousand industries which minister to the needs of civilized society. The sea has a vast population dependent upon it; a commerce every year increasing in magnitude and value; its wastes are as carefully charted as the highways through a thickly settled country; its shoals and reefs and coast-lines are lighted like the streets of cities; vast

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companies of travelers traverse it from end to end as regularly as they use the trains on the main lines of the great railway systems. Men have become as familiar with it as with the land; its sources of revenue are almost as great; its service to humanity quite as important. The ceaseless roar of the surf as it breaks on the shore, the "moaning of the homeless sea," the fury of tempests, have bred the feeling that the sea is a habitless waste; it is, in reality, the home of multitudes of men, and it is as integral a part of the organism of modern life as the grain-bearing prairies, or those fertile valleys in which the sunlight seems to dream through the long summer days.

When one takes into account the perils involved in all the industries and in the general conditions of life on land, it seems probable that the dangers of the sea are neither so many nor so great. The fury of the great deep is appalling, but the genius of man has gone a long way toward robbing it of its terrors; the loneliness of the sea is at times oppressive to the imagination, but the skill of man has made him at home when no sail is in sight and thousands of restless miles lie between him and land. The sea becomes as friendly as the land when men come to understand its conditions and to put themselves into harmony with it. Scourge it as did Xerxes, and its waves lap the shore in the scorn of perfect indifference; but study stars and tides, watch winds and currents, mark coast-lines and reefs, use the elements, set the sail to the wind or the screw to the impact of the water, and the sea works for and with man as cheerfully and generously as the land. It is the terror of the timid and the peril of the ignorant and willful; but it is the joy of the brave and the ally of the intelligent and skillful. It is God's in precisely the same sense in which the earth is his; "for He made it." And what God has made is for man's use, safety, and growth whenever and wherever he is strong enough and wise enough to read God's thoughts and follow the lines of God's purpose.

The sea has been the friend of man in a special and peculiar sense. It has not only fed and clothed him and made a highway for him, but it has invited him to do heroic deeds, and it has stirred his imagination generation after generation. Its perils have seemed to invest the rewards it offered with a compelling charm for the daring and adventurous; its spell has wrought on the most heroic spirits. The first sailors were explorers, and therefore heroes. No charts traced their course for them; no lights burned on strange coasts to guide their perilous ways; no bells tolled on dangerous reefs or were rung by the swing of the waves. They were beset with unknown perils; they faced unimagined calamities; but their galleys bravely broke the solitude of the Mediterranean, passed beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the vast outer sea, and through a thousand perilous years crossed and recrossed that sea until it has become a lighted highway of commerce. The story of the Sirens seems so probable that one who loves the sea is often tempted to accept it as history. Voices are always calling from out the distance and the shifting mists; voices full of a wonderful music, with tones that set the heart vibrating, and echo in the imagination like the sounds of a vaster world. That music has lured many to the fury of devouring seas, but it has invited more to brave deeds and splendid achievements. The sea has a nobler melody than the song of the Siren; out of its deeps there rises the great music of freedom, faith, and courage; that song of life which brave spirits are attuned to hear, and to the music of which the heroic in every age have moved gallantly on to great adventures and achievements.

God's world is not only a world of fertile fields and gardens sweet with flowers, of quiet firesides and of peaceful industry; it is a world of peril, sacrifice, hardship, and heroic adventure as well. The wise man loves the ways of peace and ease; but he loves also the danger of the great opportunity, the peril of the great undertaking, the chances of heroic search and trust. The heart must be by the fireside, but the spirit must know the ends of the earth; for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and the children of the Infinite cannot reject any part of their heritage. It is better to go down with the tides than to sit always in inglorious content. Man is an adventurer, not a lotus-eater; he was framed to be taught by experience, not to be shielded in inglorious ease. "He makes noble shipwreck who is lost in seeking worlds," says Lessing; and the great critic's thought may be rounded out by adding Channing's beautiful line: "If my bark

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sinks, 'tis to another sea." The song of the sea, which rises and falls with the tide along the shores of the world, is the song of life for hearts that grow cold in the selfishness of mere comfort, for the imagination that loses its larger reach in the sensuous warmth of fruitful valleys. Far inland that song is heard by those who are in peril of becoming the children of a day instead of the sons of God; like a faint music it sings in the hearts of the reapers at the center of the continent, and straightway the great world beyond the horizon's rim sweeps into view. There is a restlessness which is idle and sterile; but there is also a discontent which is born of man's instinct to know what is in life and to mix himself with its deepest movement. And so God's sea sings forever in the ears of men that song of seeking and daring and risking which is the song of life.

And how beautiful the sea is! With what radiancy of color, what soft loveliness, what splendor of light, God has clothed it as with a garment! The land has its majesty of mountain outline, its endless charm of varying form; but the sea is all motion, atmosphere, and changing light. Its voice seems to come from far beyond the horizon, and all its beauty is steeped in mystery. The land reveals its resources of use and charm; one feels that he may count and possess them; but the sea hides and baffles and eludes. Its secret is never told; one never becomes familiar with it; it makes its appeal always to the imagination, never to the memory. Is it not a symbol of that mystery which encircles man's life as the sea encircles its islands? A mystery sometimes of darkness and storm, and sometimes of unsearchable light and splendor; the mystery of forces not yet mastered, of elements not yet comprehended, of a world vaster and more wonderful than that in which we build our homes and plant our gardens?

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The Spectator

Suppose we do laugh when a fellow-being sprawls his length upon the ground; is that to be taken as proof that we "enjoy our friend's misfortunes"? On the contrary, we are very sorry for him, we help him to his feet again as fast as we may, we brush him off and restore to him his hat, and in all ways seek to give back to him that self-respect which seems to be jarred out as he touches earth. At the same time we laugh, inwardly if well-bred, outwardly if ill-bred, and this laughter is surely too voluntary to be malicious. As for the unfortunate who falls, before he gathers up his scattered members and flying possessions, he will be seen glancing furtively about him to detect the witnesses of his defeat. Though he finds no one looking, we all know—each of us knows because each of us has experienced this—he will still rise with a dejected sense of mortified sheepishness. Now, the Spectator is fairly certain that every trace of this disgrace which seems now to attach to falling would immediately pass away if, on our way up and down the streets, we human beings could ever bring ourselves to the point of condescending to— The Spectator finds that he does not quite venture to say what is in his mind. His proposition might easily be misunderstood, and he himself be accused of levity. At present he will only say that man, as the one animal walking persistently upright, in so doing is constantly asserting a superiority over all other animals. Therefore, when man descends to a brief progress on all fours, or as prone as that creature to whom the verdict went forth, "On thy belly shalt thou go," something is happening to him which he, by his previous attitude, has asserted is far below his dignity, and other human beings, seeing him suddenly depart from boasted heights, are naturally amused, not so much because he falls as because he has just been tacitly asserting that this mode of procedure is not for such as he. What unholy joy the scorned animals feel when they see our pride laid low, who shall know? "I, a lord of creation, walk upright. Behold me! I am not as the beasts of the fields! I—" And, lo! a bit of banana peel winks ironically from the pavement, and the lord of creation is deposed.

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The Spectator remembers perfectly well the first time his laughter overcame him in seeing another's fall, and his profound mortification at what he thought his own heartlessness. Since then he has discovered, or thinks he has, that he was not heartless, but only yielding to a perfectly natural and legitimate instinct. The time of the Spectator's first remorseful laughter was when he was a mere child, climbing a ladder with some other children. One of the youngsters lost his

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grip and fell half-way off the ladder, clinging somehow, as boys and monkeys do, until, his weight loosening his grip, he fell slowly, yelling, "I'm dying! I'm dying! I'm *dead!*" The last as he struck earth, which was not far below him, after all. And the Spectator, to his own deep distress, laughed and laughed again and shook with laughter, until he almost met the same fate. Had any tragedy mingled with the comedy of the fall, he knows—having been a youth tender to chicken-heartedness—he would not have laughed. But why was the sprawling fall comical to him? The outcries, the Spectator sees, were comical enough, but it was the sprawling, not the accompaniment, that provoked that hysteric laughter. Except for the reasons he has already endeavored to set forth, the Spectator cannot see why that fall or any other fall of a brother man should be a laughable sight.

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The Spectator also remembers in those same early days his old drawing-master's slip upon a bit of pencil, and his subsequent fall to the floor, with no ejaculations, and absolutely nothing but the circumstances of the fall itself, to heighten the humor of the situation. At this period the Spectator hopes, nay he knows, that his breeding would make him control visible mirth, but equally well he knows that it would need severe controlling. Then he laughed aloud, to the rage of the peppery little gentleman, who haled the Spectator at once before his parents. "He, that heartless child, he laughed in my face, while his sister, that angel child, she sprang to me and lifted me." Now, the Spectator had seen the "angel child" laugh behind the easel before she sprang, and he saw his own parents with difficulty keeping straight faces during the exact narration of the drawing-master's fall; and from them he knew, as he knows now, that a harmless fall to any human being is as a joke, even to the most refined mind and tender heart.

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The Spectator also (too well) remembers the effect upon other spectators of a fall of his own; and while he can now laugh with those who laughed then, the smile costs him some effort. By some obstruction—only those who wheel know just what can happen in such case—he was raised in air, and came down in the dusty highway on all fours, quite unhurt, but still in some danger at the hands of gravity. A swift race with his momentum might, he knew, save him, but it must be on all fours; there was no time to rise. The Spectator can hear now the screams of laughter behind him as he did win his pretty stiff race, and brought up on the sidewalk in front of an elderly lady, who, looking down, with clasped hands, on the mad career, cried, "Oh, you have my pity, sir, you have my pity!" And for that kind commodity the Spectator could have slain her on the spot, though the mirth behind him satisfied him no better. No; we want neither pity nor laughter when we fall. All we want is a hole to crawl into.

❀

On a glassily slippery day in this last winter the Spectator saw a young negro making his way home with a large market-basket on his arm, full to the brim with all those hard and ball-like vegetables peculiar to winter. Treading unwarily on a bit of glare ice, the man came down suddenly, with a crash that emptied his basket as effectually as if he had deliberately turned it upside down. Surrounded by garden products, he lay at length, his head supported on his hand, looking calmly about him. Seeing him still prostrate, the Spectator hurried to him anxiously. "Are you hurt?" "No." "Then why don't you get up?" "'Tain't worth while." How different this delightful look of assumption from the more civilized Anglo-Saxon's hurried scramble to regain that upright attitude which he thinks he must ever hold to keep his own self-respect and that of others. Nobody laughed at the prostrate negro; the laugh was all with him.

❀

Yes, the difficulty surely lies in an arrogance of uprightness. If we will persist in this inhuman dignity of carriage, then, when most reluctantly subpœnaed by gravity, we may always expect to cut a most ridiculous figure. And this brings the Spectator back again to the point where his courage failed in his first paragraph; but this time he'll not fail. As the pith of the matter certainly lies in the fact that our haughty attitude protests too much, and that he that is low need fear no fall, then did we all in our bearing assume even so little as the slouching negro's gait assumes, a downfall for us would be just so much the less ludicrous.

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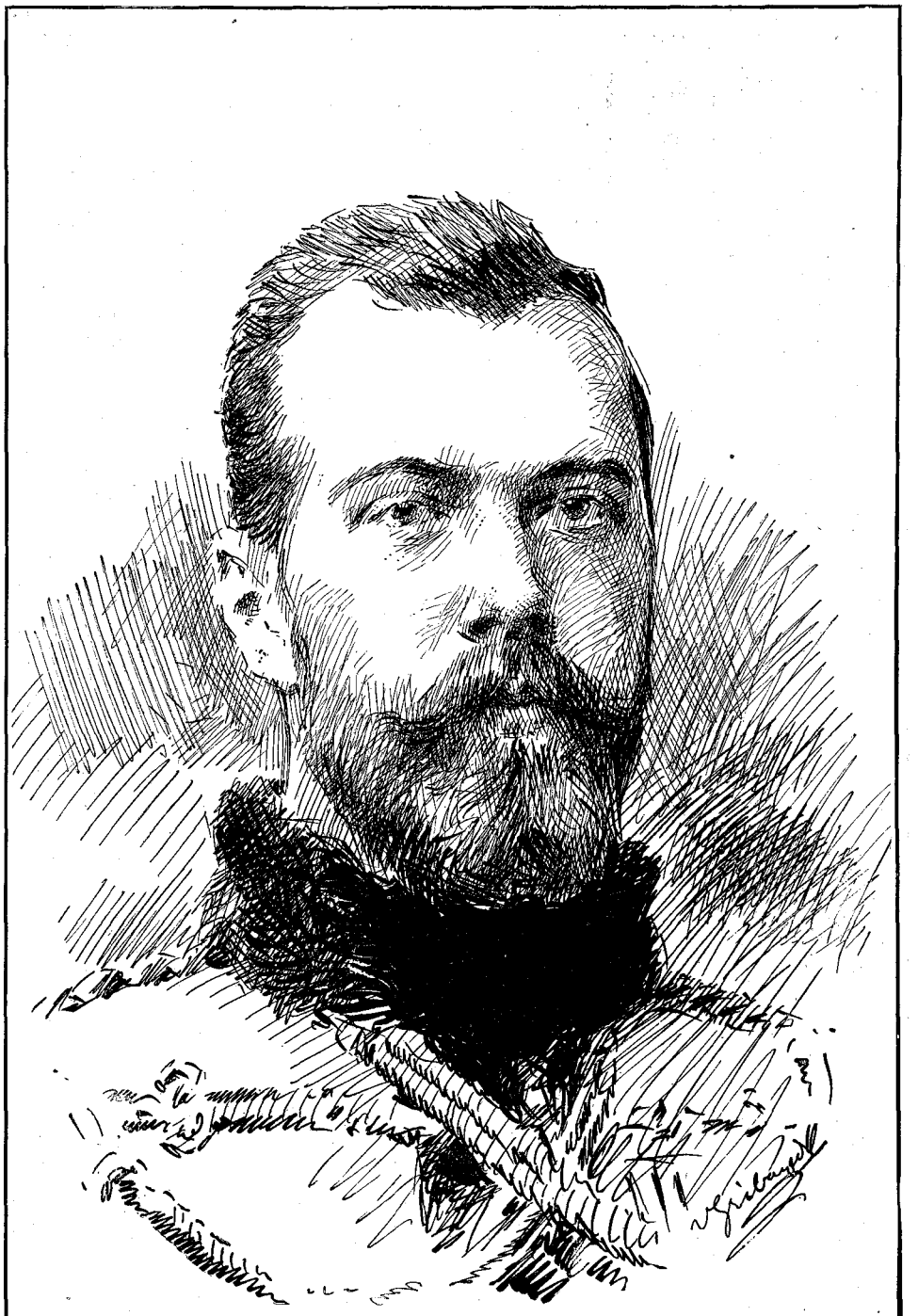

NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA

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The Czar and Universal Peace

By order of the Czar, Count Muravieff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Wednesday, August 24, handed to all the foreign representatives in St. Petersburg the following communication, which was also printed in the official Russian gazette:

THE maintenance of general peace and the possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in existing conditions to the whole world as an ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed.

The humanitarian and magnanimous ideas of his Majesty the Emperor, my august master, have been won over to this view in the conviction that this lofty aim is in conformity with the most essential interests and legitimate views of all the Powers; and the Imperial Government thinks the present moment would be very favorable to seeking the means.

Inte national discussion is the most effectual means of insuring all peoples' benefit—a real, durable peace, above all, putting an end to the progressive development of the present armaments.

In the course of the last twenty years the longing for general appeasement has grown especially pronounced in the consciences of civilized nations; and the preservation of peace has been put forward as an object of international policy. It is in its name that great States have concluded between themselves powerful alliances.

It is the better to guarantee peace that they have developed, in proportion hitherto unprecedented, their military forces, and still continue to increase them, without shrinking from any sacrifice.

Nevertheless, all these efforts have not yet been able to bring about the beneficent result desired—pacification.

The financial charges following the upward march strike at the very root of public prosperity. The intellectual and physical strength of the nations' labor and capital are mostly diverted from their natural application and are unproductively consumed.

Hundreds of millions are devoted to acquiring terrible engines of destruction, which, though to-day regarded as the last word of science, are destined to-morrow to lose all their value in consequence of some fresh discovery in the same fields.

National culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth are either paralyzed or checked in development. Moreover, in proportion as the armaments of the Powers increase, they less and less fulfill the objects the governments have set before themselves.

The economic crisis, due in great part to the system of armaments *l'outrance*, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing.

It appears evident that if this state of things were to be prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm it is desired to avert, and the horrors whereof make every thinking being shudder in advance.

To put an end to these incessant armaments and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world—such is the supreme duty to-day imposed upon all States.

Filled with this idea, his Majesty has been pleased to command me to propose to all the governments whose representatives are accredited to the Imperial Court the assembling of a conference which shall occupy itself with this grave problem.

This conference will be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century which is about to open. It would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all States sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord, and it would, at the same time, cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right whereon rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples.

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Benjamin Kidd on America's New Duty

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD, the author of "Social Evolution"—a book whose sale of two hundred thousand copies exceeds that of any other work on social philosophy—came to this country last week to study American conditions, with a special view to the production of a book on which he is engaged which is to take the shape of a further development of social philosophy on the lines followed in "Social Evolution." But of this he would not now speak. On the burning question of the moment a representative of The Outlook had, however, a most interesting conversation with Mr. Kidd. He has recently published in the London "Times" a striking series of articles entitled "The Control of the Tropics." These articles have already created a great deal of interest and controversy in England, and are to be published immediately in book form in this country by the Macmillans. The real application of the principles laid down is on the present crisis in America. In conversation Mr. Kidd again and again returned to this subject, which is uppermost in his mind as well as in the minds of all serious Americans.

Though an unflinching and aggressive Liberal and Radical upon all questions relating to the equalizing of opportunities, Mr. Kidd's attitude toward the control of the tropics by English-speaking races represents a considerable development from the standards which have controlled English development under the influence of the Liberal party for the past half-century. This does not mean that he cares for the assertion of power over foreign peoples. Of this in itself he spoke throughout with a deep underlying tone of dislike. The note which pervaded all he said was simply that of the duty of the Anglo-Saxon peoples to their own ideals and principles in the crisis upon which they have entered.

To understand Mr. Kidd's fundamental position it is necessary to know that he considers the development of the tropics as bound to proceed. We are driven, he says, by economic forces over which we have no control. In the growing rivalry of nations trade along parallels of latitude tends to become relatively less important. The natural channels of trade in the future will be north and south. He gave figures and facts to show to what an enormous extent our civilization already rests on the products of the tropics—*e.g.*, sugar, india-rubber, tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, drugs, dyes, woods, foods.

To quote his words: "We have, therefore, to recognize at the outset, as a first principle of the situation, the utter futility of any policy based on the conception that it will be possible in the future to hold our hands and stand aloof from the tropics. There can be no choice in this matter. With the filling up of the temperate regions and the continued development of industrialism throughout the civilized world the rivalry and struggle for the trade of the tropics will, beyond doubt, be the permanent underlying fact in the foreign relations of the Western nations in the twentieth century. This anticipation must be based, in the first place, on the fact of the enormous extent to which our civilization already rests on the productions of the tropics, and, in the second place, on the fact that the principle underlying all trade—that exchange of products between regions and peoples of different capacities tends to be mutually profitable—finds in commerce between ourselves and these regions its most natural expression."

The question, therefore, with which we are interested is: Under what conditions is the development of the tropics to proceed?

Germany, France, Italy, are struggling with all their power to extend their dominions, and we know from the past and from the present in what way they will exercise the power which they acquire. Practically, he said, these nations still govern their colonies upon the principles which were abandoned by England after the secession of the American States. They treat them as estates to be exploited for the benefit of the countries possessing them, and, no matter with what pledges they enter upon their conquests, the spirit of their rule is necessarily in accordance with standards which the English-speaking peoples have for nearly a century rejected.

The attempted acclimatization of the white man in the tropics Mr. Kidd considers to have failed. "If," he said, "the white man cannot be permanently acclimatized in the tropics, even where for the time being he has become relatively numerous, under the

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effects of evil conditions of the past, the government of all such regions must, if the ideas and standards which have prevailed in the past be allowed to continue, tend ultimately in one direction. It must tend to become the government of a large native population by a permanently resident European caste cut off from the moral, ethical, political, and physical conditions which have produced the European." This he considers to be the real problem in many States in the tropical parts of central America and in northern South America. "We cannot look for good government under such conditions; we have no right to expect it. In climatic conditions which are a burden to him; in the midst of races in a different and lower stage of development; divorced from the influences which have produced him, from the moral and political environment from which he sprang, the white man does not, in the end, in such circumstances, tend so much to raise the level of the races among whom he has made his unnatural home, as he tends himself to sink slowly to the level around him.'

The next proposition on which Mr. Kidd bases his argument is that "there never has been, and there never will be, within any time with which we are practically concerned, such a thing as good government, in the European sense, of the tropics by the natives of these regions." The human race reached its earliest development where the conditions of life were easiest; namely, in the tropics. But throughout the whole period of human history the development of the race has taken place outwards from the tropics. Slowly but surely we see the seat of empire and authority moving, like the advancing tide, northward. The evolution in character which the race has undergone has been northwards from the tropics. The first step to the solution of the problem before us is simply to recognize the principle that, in dealing with the *natural* inhabitants of the tropics, we are dealing with peoples who represent the same stage in the history of the development of the race that the child does in the history of the development of the individual.

"The tropics," he affirms, "will not be developed by the natives themselves. If we look to the native social systems of the tropical East, to the primitive savagery of Central Africa, to the West Indian Islands in the past in process of being assisted into the position of modern States by Great Britain, to the Black Republic, Hayti, in the present, or to modern Liberia in the future, the lesson seems everywhere the same; it is that there will be no development of the resources of the tropics under native government."

We come, therefore, his argument proceeds, to a clearly defined position. If we have to meet the economic fact that by force of circumstances the tropics *must* be developed, and if the evidence is equally emphatic that such a development can take place only under the influence of the white man, we are confronted with a larger issue than any mere question of commercial policy or of national selfishness. The tropics in such circumstances can be governed only as a trust for civilization, and with a full sense of the responsibility which such a trust involves. The first principle of success in undertaking such a duty seems to Mr. Kidd to be a clear recognition of the cardinal fact that "in the tropics the white man lives and works only as a diver lives and works under water. Alike in a moral, in an ethical, and in a political sense, the atmosphere he breathes must be that of another region, that which produced him and to which he belongs. Neither physically, morally, nor politically, can he be acclimatized in the tropics. The people among whom he lives and works are often separated from him by thousands of years of development; he cannot, therefore, be allowed to administer government from any local and lower standard he may develop. If he has any right there at all, he is there in the name of civilization; if our civilization has any right there at all, it is because it represents higher ideals of humanity, a higher type of social order."

This brought the discussion to a very interesting point, and the conversation touched on many phases of this wide subject which immediately present themselves; the old position in the slavery question in the South, the relations of the United States to the Indians in the past, the relations of the British Government to the natives in India and Egypt at the present day, the opium question in the East, and others of like interest and importance, were discussed in turn. On all of these it was clear that Mr. Kidd had already thought deeply and occupied a clear and well-defined position. He drew a wide distinction between a ruling race permanently resident among a race of lower development, and a tropical country in reality administered from the temperate regions in touch with

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and directly controlled by the standards of our civilization. He was very emphatic about the advantages of the civil service system in India and Egypt, and the high standards of duty maintained in those services. The influence of the university ideals as distinct from those of party politics seemed to him a matter of the first importance. The influence of the work done by men like Lord Cromer in Egypt, and Sir Alfred Milner, now Governor of South Africa, he declared had not only been good in itself, but had given the nation a sense of responsibility which had tended to raise the standards of public life *at home*.

Speaking of the old and the new in India, Mr. Kidd said: "The one consistent idea which, through all outward forms, has in late years been behind the institution of the higher Indian civil service on existing lines is that, even where it is equally open to natives with Europeans through competitive examination, entrance to it shall be made through a British university In other words, it is the best and most distinctive product which England can give, the higher ideals and standards of her universities, which is made to feed the inner life from which the British administration of India proceeds. It is but the application of the same principle which we have in the recognition of the fact that no violent hands must be laid on native institutions, or native rights, or native systems of religion, or even on native independence, so far as respect for existing forms is compatible with the efficient administration of the government. It is but another form of the recognition of the fact that we are in the midst of habits and institutions from which our civilization is separated by a long interval of development, where progress upwards must be a long, slow process, must proceed on native lines, and must be the effect of the example and prestige of higher standards rather than the result of ruder methods. It is on a like principle that the development of the tropical region occupied must be held to be the fulfillment of a trust undertaken in the name of civilization, a duty which allows the occupying country to surround her own position therein with no laws or tariffs operating in her own interests, and which allows her to retain to herself no exclusive advantage in the markets which she has assisted in creating."

Everything depended, said Mr. Kidd, as the talk grew more serious—and here there was the heartiest agreement—upon the spirit in which the work was undertaken. "What about the tariff in the Philippines?" he was asked. Mr. Kidd had said at the beginning that the task, if undertaken, would involve as high and broad a conception of national duty as any which had shaped the develo ment of the United States in the past. He now made clear what he meant. "You want to know what I think? Well," he said, speaking slowly, "if America decides to retain the Philippines. and decides at the same time to maintain a tariff like Spain, operating in her own favor, she will have given away her case before the world. She may occupy the Philippines with a clear conscience and a stern face to the world if she occupies them in the name of higher ideals of government and as a trust for civilization, giving equal opportunities to all. You have a right to impo e what tariffs you please at home. It is a different matter to impose them on others for your own selfish advantage."

After War

By Clinton Scollard

Now that the thunderous din of shotted guns
Is heard no more, and battle-flags are furled,
And now that we have shown the whole wide world
The unvanquishable valor of our sons,
We would not pose above the prostrate ones,
So rudely from their vaunted summit hurled,
With clamorous exultation such as swirled
Skyward of yore from victor Goths and Huns.

Chanting no triumph pæan of red war,
Would we proclaim our land the conqueror;
Nay, rather would we bid all glorying cease
That prayer may fill the silence,—prayer and praise
Unto the Moulder of the nights and days
Who after chastening conflict giveth peace!

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George Kennan's Story of the War[1]

XIII.—Some Personal Experiences

THE problem of supplying myself with food and drink in the half-starved city of Santiago, after the steamer had been quarantined against me, proved to be even more serious than I had anticipated. In my walk up Marina and Enramadas Streets and out to the Caney road Tuesday forenoon I passed two or three restaurants bearing such seductive and tantalizing names as "Venus," "Nectar," "Delicias," etc., but they were all closed, and in a stroll of two miles through the heart of the city I failed to discover any food more "delicious" than a few half-ripe mangoes in the dirty basket of a Cuban fruit-peddler, or any "nectar" more drinkable than the water which ran into the gutter, here and there, from the broken or leaky pipes of the city water-works. Hot, tired, and dispirited, I returned about noon to the Anglo-American Club, where I took a drink of lukewarm tea from my canteen, nibbled a piece of hard bread, and opened a can of baked beans. The beans proved to be flavored with tomato sauce, which I dislike; the hard bread was stale and tasted of the haversack in which I had brought it ashore; and the cold tea was neither strong enough to inebriate nor cool enough to cheer. There did not seem to be any encouraging probability that I should be fed by Cuban ravens or nourished by manna from the blazing Cuban skies, and in the absence of some such miraculous interposition of Providence I should evidently have either to go with a tin cup to the Red Cross soup-kitchen and beg for a portion of soup on the ground that I was a destitute and starving reconcentrado, or else return to the pier where the State of Texas lay, hail somebody on deck, and ask to have food lowered to me over the ship's side. I could certainly drink a cup of coffee and eat a plate of corned beef hash on the dock without serious danger of infecting the ship with yellow fever, typhus, cholera, or smallpox; and if the captain should object to my being fed in that way on the ground that the ship's dishes might be contaminated by my feverish touch, I was fully prepared to put my pride in my pocket and meekly receive my rations in an old tomato-can or a paper bag tied to the end of a string. With all due respect for Red Cross soup, and the most implicit confidence in Red Cross soup-kitchens, I inclined to the belief that I should fare better if I got my nourishment from the State of Texas—even at the end of a string—than if I went to the Cuban soup-kitchen and claimed food as a reconcentrado, a refugee, or a repentant prodigal son. In the greasy, weather-stained suit of brown canvas and mud-bespattered pith helmet that I had worn at the front, I might play any one of these rôles with success, and my forlorn and disreputable appearance would doubtless secure for me at least two tin-cupfuls of soup; but what I longed for most was coffee, and that beverage was not to be had in the Cuban soup-kitchen. I resolved, therefore, to go to the pier, affirm with uplifted hand that I was not suffering from yellow fever, typhus fever, remittent fever, malarial fever, pernicious fever, cholera, or smallpox, and beg somebody to lower to me over the ship's side a cup of coffee in an old tomato-can and a mutton chop at the end of a fishing-line. I was ready to promise that I would immediately fumigate the fishing line and throw the empty tomato-can into the bay, so that the State of Texas should not run the slightest risk of becoming infected with the diseases that I didn't have.

About half-past one, when I thought Miss Barton and her staff would have finished their luncheon, I walked down Gallo Street to the pier where the steamer was discharging her cargo, hailed a sailor on deck, and asked him if he would please tell Mrs. Porter (wife of the Hon. J. Addison Porter, secretary to the President) that a Cuban refugee in distress would like to speak to her at the ship's side. In two or three minutes Mrs. Porter's surprised but sympathetic face appeared over the steamer's rail twenty-five or thirty feet above my head. Raising my voice so as to make it audible above the shouting of the stevedores, the snorting of the donkey-engine, and the rattle of the hoisting-tackle, I told her that I had not been able to find anything to eat in the city, and asked her if she would not please get my

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table-steward "Tommy" to lower to me over the ship's side a few slices of bread and butter and a cup of coffee. A half-shocked and half-indignant expression came into her face as she mentally grasped the situation, and replied with emphasis, "Certainly! just wait a minute." She rushed back into the cabin to call "Tommy," while I sat down on a bag of beans with the comforting assurance that if I did not get something to eat that afternoon there would be a fracas on the State of Texas. Mrs. Porter evidently regarded it as an extraordinary state of affairs which forced the Vice-President of the Red Cross to go hungry in a starving city because a ship flying the Red Cross flag refused to allow him on board.

In five minutes more "Tommy" appeared in the starboard gangway of the main deck, and lowered down to me on a tray a most appetizing lunch of bread and butter, cold meats, fried potatoes, preserved peaches, ice-water, and coffee. I resumed my seat on the bag of beans, holding the tray on my knees, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the first meal I had had in Santiago, and the best one, it seemed to me, that ever gladdened the heart of a hungry human being in any city. The temperature in the fierce sunshine which beat down on my back was at least 130 degrees Fahrenheit; the cold meats were immediately warmed up; the butter turned to a yellowish fluid which could have been applied to bread only with a paint-brush, and perspiration ran off my nose into my coffee-cup as I drank; but the coffee and the fried potatoes kept hot without the aid of artificial appliances, and I emptied the glass of ice-water in two or three thirsty gulps before it had time to come to a boil. Mrs. Porter watched me with sympathetic interest, as if she were enjoying my lunch even more than she had enjoyed her own, and when I had finished she said, "It is absurd that you should have to take your meals on that hot, dirty pier; but if you'll come down every day and call for me, I'll see that you get enough to eat, even if they don't allow you on board."

All the rest of that week I slept in the Anglo-American Club and took my meals on the pier of the Juragua Iron Company, Mrs. Porter keeping me abundantly supplied with food, while I tried to make my society an equivalent for my board by furnishing her, three times a day, with the news of the city. Getting my meals in a basket or on a tray over the ship's side and eating them alone on the pier was rather humiliating at first, and made me feel, for a day or two, like a homeless tramp subsisting on charity; but when General Wood, the military governor of the city, and Dr. Van DeWater, chaplain of the Seventy-first New York, came down to the State of Texas one afternoon to see Mrs. Porter and were not allowed to go on board, even for a drink of water, my self-respect was measurably restored. Dr. Van DeWater had walked into the city from the camp of his regiment, a distance of two or three miles, in the fierce tropical sunshine, and was evidently suffering acutely from fatigue and thirst; but the State of Texas, where, under the Red Cross flag, he naturally expected to find rest and refreshment, was barred against him, and he had to get his drink of water as I got my daily bread, over the ship's side. The quarantine of the steamer against the shore would perhaps have been a little more consistent, as well as more effective, if the officers who superintended the unloading and storing of the cargo had not been permitted to visit every day the lowest and dirtiest part of the city and then return to the steamer to eat and sleep, and if the crew had not been allowed to roam about the streets in search of adventures at night; but I suppose it was found impracticable to enforce the quarantine against everybody, and the most serious and threatening source of infection was removed, of course, when General Wood, Dr. Van DeWater, and the correspondent of The Outlook were rigidly excluded from the ship.

While I was living at the Anglo-American Club and boarding on the pier of the Juragua Iron Company the deserted and half-dead city of Santiago was slowly awakening to life and activity. The empty streets filled gradually with American soldiers, paroled Spanish prisoners, and returning fugitives from Caney; shops that had long been shut and barred were thrown open under the assurance of protection given by the American flag; kerosene lamps on brackets fastened to the walls of houses at the corners of the narrow streets were lighted at night so that pedestrians could get about without danger of tumbling into holes or falling over garbage heaps; Government transports suddenly made their appearance in the bay, and as many of them as could find accommodation at the piers began to discharge cargo; six-mule army wagons rumbled and rattled over the rough cobble-stone pavements as they came

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in from the camps after supplies; hundreds of hungry and destitute Cubans were set at work cleaning the filthy streets; and in less than a week Santiago had assumed something like the appearance that it must have presented before the siege and capture. The thing that it needed most in the first fortnight after the surrender was a hotel, and a hotel it did not have. Newspaper correspondents, officers who had come into the city from the camps, and passengers landed from the steamers had no place to go for food or shelter, and many of them were forced to bivouac in the streets. Captain William Astor Chanler, for example, tied his saddle-horse to his leg one night and lay down to sleep on the pavement of the plaza in front of the old cathedral. The urgent need of a hotel finally compelled the steward of the Anglo-American Club to throw open its twenty or more rooms to army officers, cable operators, and newspaper correspondents who had no other place to stay, and to make an attempt, at least, to supply them with food. A few cases of canned meat and beans and a barrel of hard bread were obtained from the storehouse of the Red Cross; a cook and three or four negro waiters were hired, and before the end of the first week after the capture of the city the Club was furnishing two meals a day to as many guests as its rooms would accommodate and had become the most interesting and attractive place of social and intellectual entertainment to be found on the island. One might meet there, almost any night, English war correspondents who had campaigned in India, Egypt, and the Soudan; Cuban sympathizers from the United States who had served in the armies of Gomez and Garcia; old Indian fighters and ranchmen from our Western plains and mountains; wealthy New York club men in the brown linen uniform of Roosevelt's Rough Riders; naval officers from the fleet of Admiral Sampson, and speculators, coffee-planters, and merchant adventurers from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. One could hardly ask a question with regard to any part of the habitable globe or any event of modern times that somebody in the Club could not answer with all the fullness of personal knowledge, and the conversation around the big library table in the evening was more interesting and entertaining than any talk that I had heard in months. But the evenings were not always given up wholly to conversation. Sometimes Mr. Cobleigh, of the New York "World," who had a very good tenor voice, would seat himself at the piano and sing "White Wings," "Say au revoir but not good-by," or "The Banks of the Wabash," and then Mr. Cox, resident-manager of the Juragua iron mines, would take Cobleigh's place at the instrument and lead the whole assembled company in "John Brown's Body," "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," until the soldiers of the Ninth Infantry, quartered in the old theater across the way, would join in the chorus and a great wave of patriotic melody would roll down Gallo Street to the bay and out over the tranquil water to the transports lying at anchor half a mile away. Sitting in that cheerful, comfortably furnished club-room under the soft glow of incandescent electric lights, and listening to the bright, animated conversation, the laughter, and the old familiar music, I found it almost impossible to realize that I was in the desperately defended and recently captured city of Santiago, where the whole population was in a state of semi-starvation, where thousands of sick or wounded were languishing in crowded hospitals and barracks, and where, within a few days, I had seen destitute and homeless Cubans dying of fever in the streets.

Miss Barton began the work of relieving the widespread distress and destitution in Santiago with characteristic promptness and energy. To feed twenty or thirty thousand people at once, with the limited facilities and the small working force at her command, and to do it systematically and economically, without wastefulness and without confusion, was a herculean task; but it was a task with which experience and training in many fields had made her familiar, and she set about it intelligently and met the difficulties of the situation with admirable tact and judgment. Her first step was to ask the ablest, most influential, and most respected citizens of Santiago to consult with her with regard to ways and means and to give her the benefit of their local knowledge and experience. The object of this was to secure the co-operation and support of the best elements of the population, and strengthen the working force of the Red Cross by adding to it a local contingent of volunteer assistants who were thoroughly acquainted with the city and its inhabitants and who would be able to detect and prevent fraud or imposition. There was danger, of course, that people who did not need food, or were not entitled

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to it, would seek to obtain it on false pretenses, and that others, who perhaps were really in distress, would try to get more food than they actually required in order that they might make a little money by selling the surplus. In anticipation of this danger Miss Barton decided to put the distribution of food largely under local control. In the first place a central committee of three was appointed to exercise general supervision over the whole work. The members of this committee were Mr. Ramsden, son of the British Consul; Mr. Michelson, a wealthy and philanthropic Scotchman engaged in business in Santiago; and a prominent Cuban gentleman whose name I cannot now recall. This committee divided the city into thirty districts, and notified the residents of every district that they would be expected to elect or appoint a commissioner who should represent them in all dealings with the Red Cross, who should make all applications for relief in their behalf, and who should personally superintend the distribution of all food allotted to them on requisitions approved by the central committee. This scheme of organization and distribution was intelligently and judiciously devised, and it worked to the satisfaction of all. Every commissioner was instructed to make a requisition for food in writing, according to a prescribed form, stating the number and the names of heads of families needing relief in his district, the number of persons in every family, and the amount of food required for the district as a whole and for every family or individual in detail. The commissioner then appended to the requisition a certificate to the effect that the petitioners named therein were known to him and that he believed they were really in need of the quantities of food for which they respectively made application. The requisition then went to the central committee, and when approved by it was filled at the Red Cross warehouse and retained there as a voucher.

I heard it asserted in Santiago more than once that food issued by the Red Cross to people who were supposed to be starving had afterward been sold openly on the street by hucksters, and had even been carried on pack-mules in comparatively large quantities to suburban villages and sold there; but I doubt very much the truth of this assertion. Miss Barton caused an investigation to be made of several such cases of alleged fraud, and found in every instance that the food said to have been obtained from the Red Cross had really come from some other source, chiefly from soldiers and government transports—whose provisions, of course, could not be distinguished from ours after they had been taken out of the original packages. Be this, however, as it may, the checks upon fraud and imposition in the Red Cross scheme of distribution were as efficient as the nature of the circumstances would allow, and I doubt whether the loss through fraudulent applications or through collusion between commissioners and applicants amounted to one-tenth of one per cent. The Red Cross furnished food in bulk to thirty-two thousand half-starved people in the first five days after Santiago surrendered, and in addition there fed ten thousand people every day in the soup-kitchens managed by Mr. Michelson. I do not wish to make any unjust or invidious comparisons, but I cannot refrain from saying, nevertheless, that I did not happen to see any United States quartermaster in Cuba who, in the short space of five days, had unloaded and stored fourteen hundred tons of cargo, given hot soup daily to ten thousand soldiers, and supplied an army of thirty-two thousand men with ten days' rations. It is a record, I think, of which Miss Barton has every reason to be proud. But her work was not confined to the mere feeding of the hungry in Santiago. She sent large quantities of cereals, canned goods, and hospital supplies to our own soldiers in the camps on the adjacent hills; she furnished medicines and food for sick and wounded to the Spanish prison camp as well as to the Spanish army hospitals, the civil hospital, and the children's hospital in the city; she directed Dr. Soyoso of her medical staff to open a clinic and dispensary, where five surgeons and two nurses gave medical or surgical aid to more than three thousand sick or sickening people every day; she sent hundreds of tons of ice from the schooner Morse to the hospitals, the camps, and the transports going north with sick and wounded soldiers; she put up tents to shelter fever-stricken Spanish prisoners from the tropical sunshine while they were waiting to be taken on board the vessels that were to carry them back to Spain; and in every way possible and with all the facilities that she had she tried to alleviate the suffering caused by neglect, incompetence, famine, and war.

GEORGE KENNAN.

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The Railroads and the Postal Service

By W. W. Baldwin

President Chicago, Burlington, and Kansas City Railroad

MY attention has been called to your article of March 19, in which there is denunciation without stint of the rates being paid by the Government to the railroad companies of the country, for the transportation of the mails. Comparison is made between express rates and the mail. Certain of the lowest competitive wholesale express rates for short distances are selected; and these are compared with an assumed *average* for the whole country of the rates for carrying the mails, stated at eight cents a pound. There is no such average rate; but if there was, such a method of comparison would be grossly unfair.

The average rate at which nine-tenths of the weight of the mails is transported does not, probably, exceed one cent per pound for the average haul. The other one-tenth figures at a higher rate per ton per mile, because of the extremely light weight; it is, in fact, a package service. To illustrate: between the cities of Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., a distance of thirteen miles, the railroad company performs the entire service of transporting, handling, and delivering the mail for nineteen cents per trip—an extremely small compensation for the service and responsibility, and much cheaper than the Government could secure its performance by any other agency. But so light is the daily weight (220 pounds) that the rate per ton per mile is heavy. Is it fair to include this high rate in with the very low rates being paid on the great bulk of the mail, and designate the result as an "average" rate charged to the Government for carrying the mails?

The express company exacts twenty-five cents for a package weighing one pound, carried one mile. That is at the rate of $500 per ton per mile. No railroad company can receive, under the existing law, six cents per ton per mile on any weight of mail in excess of 5,000 pounds per day, for any distance. Is there any fair basis of comparison between the two rates? Probably nine-tenths of the railroad mails of the country are carried at this minimum cost—below six cents per ton per mile, or about one-half cent per pound for a haul of 200 miles, or one and one-third cents for a haul of 500 miles.

I am familiar with the rates paid by the Government to the Burlington road, a system 7,000 miles in length, and embracing the heaviest route in the West, on which the service is performed by special fast mail trains, and also eighty other routes. Upon the line from Chicago to Burlington (206 miles) the Government pays fifty-eight cents per hundred for a specially expedited mail service, performed at great extra cost. No similar service is rendered for any other customer. The regular express rate between the same points is $1.25 per hundred; the ordinary freight rate on dry goods, boots and shoes, carpets, and similar commodities, is forty-seven cents per hundred if carried on freight trains, and ninety-four cents if carried on passenger trains. Taking this system as a whole, with its varied routes and service, the Adams Express Company pays the Burlington Company a higher rate, pound for pound and ton for ton, than is paid by the Government for carriage of the mails.

The express company does not pay too much; but the Government pays too little. The service rendered the Government in transporting the mails is so much more valuable and expensive than that performed for the express company that there is really no basis for comparison. The express company handles all its own freight with its own employees; no railroad employee touches an express package without extra compensation; but the railroad company handles all mail with its employees, except on the routes where there are postal clerks, and practically all mail between stations and post-offices, except in a few large cities. For the express company it furnishes a bare car; for the Government, an elaborately fitted post-office on wheels, on all heavy routes. The character of the service is very different. For the express company the railroad company transports freight; for the Government it carries letters, bonds, deeds, the correspondence of the people, as well as books and printed matter. The manner of conducting it on all

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heavy routes is different—the fast mail service is a special feature. My space will not permit entering further into the details of this comparison.

The subject least worthy of criticism in this system, in my opinion, is the compensation paid to the railroad companies for the traveling post-offices which they provide and haul for the Government—the pay for use of railway postal cars. In discussing it, you apparently ignore the most important elements—that the cars are carried comparatively empty of paying freight, and solely for the accommodation of the Government, and that the chief item for which reimbursement is made to the railroad companies is the cost of hauling them; the original cost of the cars is a matter of slight consideration. Permit me to insert the closing remarks of the Auditor of the Cotton Belt road upon this point, given in his recent testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee:

"When we haul a Pullman sleeper deadhead over the line, we receive twenty cents per car-mile for that service, and furnish no heat, light, etc. Of course the sleepers are more expensive than mail-cars, but it will be conceded that the mail-cars should pay at least half the rate paid by the Pullman Company, which would be ten cents per car-mile; while the foregoing figures show that the actual rate per car-mile paid is but a trifle over three cents."

It may be averred with confidence that there is no more economical expenditure made by the Government than the compensation paid for use of postal cars.

It is manifestly impossible, in the space at my command, to more than touch upon the various features of this subject, about which there has been published a vast amount of misinformation. If The Outlook or its readers desire to examine into the question, with a view to ascertain the facts, they are respectfully referred to the printed report of recent hearings by the Senate Committee on Appropriations, at which all its phases were discussed.

Burlington, Iowa.

[Mr. Baldwin has stated the case for the railroads in an extremely able way. Nevertheless, his statement contains one or two errors of fact, and a serious error of assumption. In the first place, he is hardly warranted in saying that "the average rate at which nine-tenths of the weight of the mails is transported does not, probably, exceed one cent per pound for the average haul." The lowest rate at which whole train-loads of mail are carried from New York to Buffalo (the average haul) is 1⅓ cents a pound, excluding the pay for the postal cars. (Postmaster-General's Report, 1897, p. 407.) In the second place, he is not at all warranted in stating that the compensation is "extremely small" when the mails are light. To take his own illustration, the railroad between Lowell and Lawrence, Mass. (according to the Postmaster-General's Report, 1897, p. 398), receives $600 a year for carrying the mail twenty-two trips a week. This is fifty-two cents a trip, instead of nineteen cents as Mr. Baldwin reckons. As the average weight of the mail on each trip is less than seventy-five pounds, and the express companies charge private parties but thirty-five cents for carrying a similar package between Lowell and Lawrence, the overcharge to the Government is apparent. As a rule, the express companies pay the railroads but forty per cent. of their receipts. In other words, the railroad would get but fourteen cents from the express companies, where it charges the Government fifty-two cents.

These inaccuracies, however, are of relatively little importance. What is of real moment is the assumption that the charges upon special mail trains are typical. It is true that upon routes where these special mail trains are run the railways receive less per ton per mile from the Government than from the express companies. But the service performed for the two can only be contrasted. The express business on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad from Chicago to Burlington is largely local business, the average haul for express packages being but a little over one hundred miles. The average haul for all mail matter is about four hundred and forty-eight miles, and this branch of the Burlington pre-eminently carries the through mail, for which the branch performs practically no service except the hauling. The railroads have too long made the exaggerated claim that long hauls cost but a mere trifle more than short hauls, for the Nation to be willing to be charged local express rates upon through train-loads of mail, which the road merely hauls. What we demand here is the same charge that is made to the express companies when they have a train-load of through express. The charge to them for a

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special train (Mr. Baldwin can give the exact figures) appears not to exceed $1 a mile, which is twenty per cent. more than the average passenger train yields in gross revenue to the railroads. A special train-load of mail, carrying, say, fifty tons, ought to be hauled from Chicago to Burlington for not to exceed $206, whereas the railroad now receives from the Government $669, apart from the payment for the use of special postal cars.

But the discussion ought not to be pursued by way of illustrations. A general statement for the whole country is all that the ordinary citizen can follow without the fear that the illustrations have been selected. This statement has been made by Senator Pettigrew ("Congressional Record," May 10), who uses the figures given in the Postmaster-General's report, and the report made by the express companies themselves for the Census of 1890. The express companies paid the railroads six mills per pound for the handling of express matter, while the Government paid the railroads six cents a pound—or just ten times as much—for the handling of the mails. It is true that the ordinary haul for the mails was nearly four times as long as the ordinary haul for express matter, but, if the old claims of the railroads (made against the Inter-State Commerce Law) are to be believed, the longer haul adds a mere trifle to the expense. But even if we admit that this longer haul is proportionately costly, the Government still pays the railroads nearly three times as much per ton per mile as do the express companies. As these statements cover all the mail and express business of the country, they reveal the general situation.

We have not space to discuss again the rental paid by the Government for the use of the special postal cars. The facts brought out by ex-Postmaster-General Vilas, showing that the Government, after paying six cents a ton per mile for hauling their contents, pays in addition a yearly rental for the cars exceeding their original cost, are final until disputed. No other part of the equipment of the railroads or of the Pullman car companies yields one-third of such a rental. Here, again, all that we demand for the Government is the same rates that well-conducted private companies are paying.—THE EDITORS.]

About People

—Walter Crane has been put at the head of the Art Department of the South Kensington Museum.

—John Henry Cromwell Russell, who lately died in Switzerland at the age of ninety-two, was a direct descendant, in the sixth generation, of the Lord Protector. His grandfather was Oliver Cromwell of Chestnut Park, great-grandson of Oliver's son Henry, and the last of the family who bore the name of Cromwell.

—The Rev. Dr. W. T. Chase, pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church of Philadelphia, could trace his pedigree through prominent New England families as far back as 1640, and in England as far as the royal household of Henry VIII. through Sir Richard of Chesham and Lady Elizabeth Bowchier. In the Civil War he was chaplain of the Fourth Colored Regiment, United States Volunteers.

—The University of Cambridge (England) has conferred an honorary degree upon Professor Henry Bowditch, of Harvard University, in connection with the zoölogical and physiological congress. In announcing the conferring of the degree the Vice-Chancellor said that Professor Bowditch was regarded by Cambridge with almost fraternal feeling as the envoy of her brothers across the Atlantic. Owing to his example and influence physiological studies are now flourishing in the United States, and the Cambridge across the sea had long been a famous center of physiological research.

—The eccentricities of spoken and written language are illustrated by an anecdote lately related by Professor Max Müller. "While I was sitting," he says, "in my room at Oxford copying Sanscrit MSS., a gentleman was shown in, dressed in a long black coat, looking different from my usual visitors, and addressed me in a language of which I did not understand a single word. I spoke to him in English, and asked him what language he was speaking, and he replied with great surprise, 'Do you not understand Sanscrit?' 'No,' I said, 'I have never heard it spoken; but here are some MSS. of the Veda which will interest you.' He was delighted to see them, and began to read, but he had soon to confess that he was not able to translate a single word."

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Not Servants but Friends[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.—John xv., 15.

A TRUSTED and honored servant of Dean Stanley had died; Queen Victoria wrote him a letter of condolence, in which she says: "I am one of those who think the loss of a faithful servant to be the loss of a friend, and one who can never be replaced."

A servant, then, may be a friend. Indeed, the mistress ought to be the friend of her servant, and the servant the friend of her mistress. I am afraid that is a rare combination; and yet it is not an impossible ideal. But in our great organized industries it is an impossible ideal. The president of a railroad corporation, with twenty thousand men serving, cannot be the personal friend of the twenty thousand, nor can the twenty thousand be personally friends of the president. Many of them never have looked upon him; they would hardly know his name. Oftentimes the service of a servant must be without the element of friendship; oftentimes the service of a servant and of a friend may be intermingled in the one stream. This much may be said by way of introductory explanation, because the antithesis between servant and friend which Christ intimates, and which I shall follow this morning, is an antithesis not always necessary, though common. But if we consider what is the service of a servant who is not a friend, and then the service of a friend who is not a servant, we shall see a real and genuine antithesis.

The servant works under the impulse of fear of penalty, as a slave, dreading the lash, or under hope of reward, as of wages to be paid on Saturday night. The servant works in a particular department; there is a specific work given him to do. This servant is housemaid, that servant is cook; this servant is gardener, that servant is coachman. The work is appointed, and when that work is done then all is done which the master has a right to expect, or which the servant expects to render. The servant may not ordinarily go over the line marked out for him. It is not an uncommon fault found with the servant, "Who told you to do that?" In military service obedience consists quite as much in not doing what you are not commanded as in doing what you are commanded. The limits of service are fixed and defined. This kind of service—service under fear of penalty, or hope of reward, within defined limits which one dare not or is not ambitious to transgress—is by no means confined to household service. There are not a few editors in the city of New York who are thus servants. They write the editorials they are told to write. They write, not to express themselves, not spontaneously, but for the wages they are to receive. It is not uncommon in New England parishes for the minister to be regarded by the parish, and not altogether uncommon for the minister to regard himself, as the servant of the church—that is, as a kind of hired man. He is to render such and such service for such and such wages. He is to have so many months in which he is to render this service, and so many weeks which he is to have in vacation for himself. For the wages he is to receive he is to do certain pastoral calling, and is to preach a certain number of sermons—sometimes the very number is fixed and adjusted beforehand. In all these cases, whether the service be in the kitchen, or in the editorial sanctum, or in the pulpit, or in the garden, these elements enter into it—service rendered under fear of penalty or in expectation of reward; service rendered within a certain definite sphere beyond which ambition does not call, beyond which, perhaps, duty does not suffer one to go.

In all these respects the service of a friend differs. The friend does not render his service under the impact of fear. He may fear, indeed, to displease his friend, he may fear to injure his friend, but he is not afraid of his friend. He does not render his service in hope of reward. He may, indeed, desire appreciation, recognition, thanks, but he is not rendering his service to his friend for the payment of wages or even the expression of gratitude to be given to him. He never asks whether it pays or not. It never enters the head of a wife to question whether her service is adequately paid for by her board,

[1] Part of a sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, June 26, 1898. Stenographically reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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clothes, and lodging—which is the wages she generally gets. The service of friendship has not its impulse in fear, nor in the hope of wages, nor is it confined within any department. The friend does not wait for his friend to tell him what he expects of him; he does not wait to be bidden to go hither or yon; he does not ask what he must do or is expected to do. He looks for opportunities; he endeavors to anticipate the wishes of his friend; he dares to go beyond any limits that might have been prescribed for him; he dares to make blunders. He is not afraid of his friend; for he knows that his friend will take the will for the deed, and even if he makes mistakes the friendly service will be recognized though it has done harm rather than good.

Something such are the differences between the service of a friend and the service of a servant.

Servant of God—what does that mean? If we take all friendship out of it, it means service rendered to God under the impact of fear or under the inspiration of hope of reward. It means service rendered within certain defined lines. It means doing the things which God commands so explicitly that one is afraid to go beyond the definite command and undertake anything else. The servant of God, if he be not also a friend of God, if he is simply, merely, solely a servant of God, fears the penalty if he does not render the service, or he hopes for a reward if he does render the service. He sings: "I sing for joy of that which lies stored up for me above"—the only lines in that beautiful hymn of Paul Gerhardt that I do not like to sing. I do not sing for joy of that which lies stored up for me above. If there were nothing stored up for me above, if there were nothing for me but the earthly fate which overtook the Christ, I probably should be a coward and shrink back; but if I were not, and had the heart to go on, the joy would be with me, whatever lies beyond the grave. The joy is in the service, not in the coronation. One needs no joy stored up beyond who serves for friendship's sake. The servant of God, if he be not also a friend, asks, How much does the Master require? How many times does the Master expect me to go to church—once or twice on Sunday? What amount of Sunday-school teaching does the Master demand of me? What prayer-meeting service does he require? Sometimes he says to himself, I have tried to be a Christian, and it does not pay; I get nothing for it; other men who are not honest get on faster and better than I do and have happier and better lives. I have had men say to me, "It does not pay to be a Christian." What does that mean? It is the "strike" by a servant whose wages are not paid. It is the attitude of a man doing work for wages, and if the wages are not paid he finds another master. The man who is a servant of God, and not also a friend of God, works a little while, and, when he has done what he thinks enough service, drops out of it. "I have been ten years in the Sunday-school; now I will step aside and let some one else take his turn." The question always is, not, What may I do? but, What must I do? what ought I to do?

He who is a friend of God deals with all life in a different spirit. His point of view is different; not his method only, but the life itself. He looks on God with a great awe, and sometimes follows Christ as the disciples followed him—afar off—afraid to ask questions; but, nevertheless, he is not afraid of God. God is his friend. He is afraid lest he shall wound God; he is afraid lest he shall injure God's cause. And yet he does not do his work under the impact of fear. Nor does he work for wages; he does not ask the question, Does it pay? God is his friend; and nothing pays so well as to render service to his friend. The joy of going on is all the joy he asks. He never questions whether it pays now, he never questions whether it will pay hereafter; it is enough that God is his friend and he is God's friend, and he can do something for the friend he loves above all friends.

So, for him there are no departments in life. He is neither chambermaid nor cook nor gardener nor coachman; he is neither commissariat nor field officer; he is simply friend. The question with him is never, How much church-going does my Master require? the question is never, How much Bible-reading does my Master demand, or how long prayers? Never! It is always this: How can I please my friend, and serve my friend, and commune with my friend, and rejoice in my friend? He never asks, How much must I do? but, How much may I do? He is not over afraid of making mistakes; he is willing to anticipate God's commands; he is willing to run where he has not been sent and to undertake what has not been laid upon him, because he is working for a friend, and a friend so strong and so

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wise and so loving that He is able to bear all the burdens this man takes, and able to correct all the mistakes this man falls into—able and willing. He is working for a friend who measures his friend, not by what he accomplishes, but by what he desires to accomplish. So, if he accomplishes nothing, he is not troubled. He is a friend of God, and God understands that he is a friend. It is enough for him that he loves his God, and out of that love life flows spontaneously, and he asks no other joy and no other reward than simply the joy of service and the reward of serving.

It is said of Abraham that he was the friend of God. If you will read the story of his life, you will find in it very little of service. He did not, like Moses, lead the Children of Israel out, and lay the foundations of a great commonwealth. He did not, like Elijah, stand in the forefront of a troublous time as the witness of Jehovah against a false god and a false worship. He did not, like Daniel, bear testimony to the living God in the midst of a pagan land, in spite of peril threatened in a corrupt age and by corrupt politicians. He was God's friend, and he went out of a pagan community in order that he might find better communion with God; he lived a plain, simple, honest, pure, loving life, loving God, whom he grew to know more and more—not the servant except as he was the friend.

The Voters' League of Chicago

[In our accounts of the recent municipal campaign in Chicago we have uniformly had occasion to speak of the effective work done by the Municipal Voters' League. The following account of its organization and methods, written in a private letter by its Vice-President, will be read with interest by all who care to improve the personnel of their municipal assemblies.—THE EDITORS.]

THE city government of Chicago reached its lowest depth in 1895, when fifty-eight of its sixty-eight Aldermen were organized into a "gang" for public plunder, and to promote the interests of, and blackmail, private corporations. Within that year six great public franchises of enormous value were shamelessly put through against the protests of the press and over the Mayor's vetoes. A considerable majority of the City Council were saloon-keepers. Most of the others were men without standing or character. The honest minority were practically without voice or influence. Indeed, the public did not realize that there was any such element in the Council. The public conscience had, however, been aroused. The Civic Federation and other bodies of citizens had arrested public attention, and a desire for better things had become general. The task, however, seemed all but impossible, and those who must lead in any attempt that should be made almost despaired of any adequate reform. The usual avenues to the public service were controlled by the enemies of organized society. The city was a vast accumulation of still seemingly diverse elements, all bent upon private concerns. Such was the situation when, in January, 1896, a committee of the Civic Federation, without definite plan, called a few busy but representative men together to consider what might be done.

The year 1895 had brought us the new civil service law, the most thorough that has yet been enacted. This proved to be a vital preliminary step, as it cleared the way for a wide co-operation of good citizens, regardless of National politics, in the movement which has followed. In the conference it was assumed that something must be attempted, and the discussion was had over a proposition to organize a "municipal party." Several meetings were held, resulting finally in the organization of the "Municipal Voters' League," with full opportunity to show by its works whether it should become a municipal party or something less.

The League is very simple in its organization. It has an Executive Committee of nine, which elects the officers and appoints all necessary committees, including small advisory committees in the wards. The members (now about 40,000 in number) consist of those who sign a mere statement of approval of the purposes and methods of the League. No attempt is made, thus far, to keep up the usual farce of pretended representation by the controlling body of power coming up from the rank and file. No pretense is made that the action of the all-powerful Executive Committee represents anybody

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but those who approve it. The appeal is made directly to the individual voter by means of specific recommendations supported by the salient facts. Possibly a different course will be necessary if the League shall come to take the initiative in the nomination of candidates. Thus far it has published the facts about all candidates and passed specific judgments upon them based on their records. It has ignored all mere party considerations, has made no fight upon "the machine" as such, but has confined itself to the records and characters of individual candidates. The result is that the League has the confidence of all good citizens and its aid is eagerly sought by the better political managers of both parties, in securing both the nomination and the election of worthy candidates.

The League has practically confined its efforts to securing a better Council. The results have been marked. As the result of its three campaigns, the Council has, since 1895, passed but one general boodle ordinance. Its character has steadily risen, until one-half of its members can now be relied upon to support public against private interests. At least three times within a year the powerful street-railway combine has tried to control two-thirds of its members to give them fifty-year extensions of ordinances of incalculable value. Each time the introduction of the combine's ordinances have been withheld.

The League has been especially effective in driving from the Council men of bad records. This year it opposed, on their records, nineteen retiring members, some of whom had done well as compared with the standards of 1895. Of these, but nine were renominated and three re-elected. Of twenty-five ex-Aldermen of bad records, who sought nominations, but six were nominated and three elected. Of fifteen retiring members who were supported by the League in 1896 and approved for re-election, three declined to run, twelve were renominated, and eleven were re-elected. Of the fifty-seven who composed "the gang" of 1895, but seven are now members of the Council. The character of candidates is steadily rising, simply because the League has struck a fatal blow at the availability of men of bad records, and made the election of good men almost certain in very many wards. The Council now contains but few saloon-keepers.

My experience in the League has led me to some definite conclusions, among which are these: Our municipal governments can be reformed. The people are ready to respond to disinterested and practical leadership. The methods must be simple and perfectly transparent, so that all may see that only the public good is sought. The effort must be to *recover representative government.* I am coming to believe that, in our gradual loss of the supreme confidence of the founders in representatives chosen by the people, we have mistaken the remedy in seeking refuge again in the executive. It is also a question whether we are not coming to rely too much upon the courts as a final check against the excesses of legislative bodies.

Genius and Character

By Hamilton W. Mabie

SUPERIORITY of any kind involves discipline, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. It is the law of excellence that he who would secure it must pay for it. In this way the intellectual process is bound up with the moral process, and a man must give his character firmness and fiber before he can make his talent effective or his genius fruitful. The way of the most gifted workman is no easier than that of the most mediocre; he learns his lesson more easily, but he must learn the same lesson. The familiar story of the Sleeping Princess protected by a hedge of thorns, told in so many languages, is a parable of all success of a high order. The highest prizes are always guarded from the facile hand; they exact patience, persistence, intelligence, and force. If they were easily secured, they would be easily misused; it rarely happens, however, that a man of high artistic gifts degrades his talent. He may set it to unprofitable uses, but he rarely makes merchandise of it. A Rembrandt, Thackeray, or Lowell cannot do inferior work for personal ends without suffering that devouring remorse which accompanies the conscience of the artist, and turns all ignoble popular successes into mockeries and scourges.

Moral education precedes mastership in

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every art, because the training which mastery involves reacts upon character and gives it steadiness and solidity. Great writers have sometimes lived careless, irresponsible lives, but they have always paid a great price for self-indulgence. The work of an irresponsible man of genius always suggests the loss which society has suffered by reason of his moral instability. Such men have done charming work; they have touched their creations with the magic of natural grace and the beauty of fresh and rich feeling; but they miss that completeness and finality which carry with them the conviction that the man has put forth all that was in him. We value what they have done, but we are always asking whether they could not have done more Genius is of so rare and vital a nature that it will flash through all manner of obscurations; but there is a vast difference between the light which shines through a clear medium and that which is dimmed and reflected by a murky atmosphere. A man of Chatterton's temperament will give evidence of the possession of genius, but how far removed he is, in influence, position, and power from a Tennyson or a Wordsworth!

The connection between sane living and sound work is a physiological and psychological necessity. The time, strength, poise, capacity for sustained work, steadiness of will, involved in the successful performance of great tasks or the production of great artistic creations exclude from the race all save those who bring to it health, vigor, and energy. It is unnecessary to inquire with regard to the habits of the man who builds up a great business enterprise, or who secures genuine financial reputation and authority; these achievements always involve self-control, courage, persistence, and moral vigor. They are beyond the reach of the self-indulgent man. The man whose weakness of will makes him the victim of appetite or passion may make brilliant efforts, but he is incapable of sustained effort; he may do beautiful things from time to time, he cannot do beautiful things continuously and on a large scale. A Villon may give the world a few songs of notable sweetness or power; he cannot give the world a Divine Comedy or the plays of Corneille.

Every attempt to dissever art from character, however brilliantly sustained, is doomed to failure, because the instinct, the intelligence, and the experience of race are against it. Physiology and psychology are as definite as religion in their declarations on this matter; it is not a question of dogma, or even of faith; it is a question of elementary laws and of common sense. All modern investigation goes to show the subtle and vital relations which exist between the different parts of a man's nature, and the certainty of the reaction of one part upon another; so that whatever touches the body ultimately touches the innermost nature of the man, and whatever affects the spirit eventually leaves its record on the physique. Every piece of genuine work which comes from a man's hand bears the impress of, and is stamped with, the quality of his whole being; it is the complex product of all that the man is and of all that he has done; it is the result of his genius, his industry, and his character.

Goethe saw clearly, as every critic of insight must see, that the artist is conditioned on the man; that whenever a man does anything which has greatness in it, he does it with his whole nature. In his verse the poet puts his body, his mind, and his soul; he is as powerless to detach his work from his past as he is to detach himself from it; and one of the saddest penalties for his misdoings is their reappearance in his work. The dullness of the poet's ear shows itself in the defective melody of his verse; for both meter and rhythm have a physiological basis, they represent and express the harmony which is in the body when the body is finely attuned to the spirit. Dull senses and a sluggish body are never found in connection with a great command of the melodic quality in language.

Goethe, with his deep insight, held so uncompromisingly to the unity of man and his works that he would not have tried to escape the criticism of his nature which his works, adequately interpreted, suggest. He would have expected to find his moral limitations reproduced in his art. He suggested the fundamental principle when he said that his works, taken together, constituted one great confession. And this may be affirmed of every man's work; it is inevitably, and by the law of his nature, a disclosure of what he is; and what he is depends largely upon what he has been. Men have nowhere more conspicuously failed to escape themselves than in their works. Literary history, especially, is a practically unused treasure-house of moral illustration and teaching; for in no other record of human activity is the depend-

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ence of a man's work on his nature more constantly and strikingly brought out. The subtle relation between temperament, genius, environment, and character is in constant evidence to the student of literature; and he learns at last the primary truth that because a man's work is a revelation of the man, it is, therefore, as much a matter of his character as of his genius.

The order of the world is moral in every fiber; men may do what they please within certain limits, and because they do what they please, society seems to be in a state of moral chaos; but every word and deed reacts instantly on the man, and this reaction is so inevitable that since time began not one violator of any law of life has ever escaped the penalty. He has paid the price of his word or his deed on the instant in its reaction upon his character. God does not punish men; they punish themselves in their own natures and in the work of their hands. When Mirabeau, in the consciousness of the possession of the most masterful genius of his time, rose to speak in the National Assembly, he became aware that his dissolute past was standing beside him and mocking him. His vast power, honestly put forth for great ends, was neutralized by a record which made belief in him almost impossible. In bitterness of soul he learned that genius and character are bound together by indissoluble ties, and that genius without character is like oil that blazes up and dies down about a shattered lamp. More than once, in words full of the deepest pathos, he recognized the immense value of character in men of far less ability than himself. The words which Mrs. Ward puts into the mouth of Henri Regnault are memorable as embodying searching criticism: "No, we don't lack brains, we French. All the same, I tell you, in the whole of that room there are about half a dozen people—oh, not so many! not nearly so many!—who will ever make a mark, even for their own generation, who will ever strike anything out of nature that is worth having, wrestle with her to any purpose. Why? Because they have every sort of capacity, every sort of cleverness, and *no character!*"

If a man is insensibly determining the quality of his work by everything which he is doing; if he is settling the excellence of its workmanship by the standards he is accepting and the habits he is forming; if he is creating in advance its spiritual content and significance by the quality which his own nature is unconsciously taking on; and if he is fixing its quantity and force by the strength, persistence, and steadfastness which he is developing, it is clear that work rests ultimately upon character, and that character conditions work in quality, content, skill, and mass.

One of Our Unknown Neighbors

By Amory H. Bradford

AMERICANS are often immensely amused at the ignorance of foreigners concerning the geography of the United States. That surprising but no doubt fictitious extract from a Spanish paper which said that their fleet ought at once to have proceeded to the United States and bombarded the coast from Oshkosh to Sacramento hardly exaggerated the density of the ignorance which prevails in some parts of Europe concerning localities and conditions in this country. But few Americans are much wiser, even concerning their nearest neighbors. An examination of a few of our intelligent citizens as to the geography or political constitution of Canada would develop monumental ignorance on a subject much nearer home than the United States is to Spain.

The Dominion of Canada is divided into Provinces and Territories, very nearly resembling our States and Territories. One of these Provinces is British Columbia. To many people the area covered by this name is a vast, dreary, desolate region, extending from the northern boundary of our Republic to the ice around the pole. Of this district I am to write, and possibly I may correct some false impressions, or at least help a little to give correct and definite ideas in regard to a part of this continent whose history and destiny are inseparably bound up with our own.

I will begin with its geography. In the east are found the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and further west Quebec and Ontario; then comes Manitoba, of which Winnipeg is the vigorous and swiftly growing

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capital. North of Quebec lies what is called the Northeast Territory. Manitoba is north of North Dakota. West of Manitoba are what are called the Northwest Territories—five in number. These territories have a common capital, and are governed by the Dominion of Canada; but the Northeast Territory has no political organization whatever. Still further west, beginning near the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, and just north of our State of Washington, lies British Columbia. It is the extreme western part of the Dominion of Canada. It includes a part of Alaska. The Klondike gold regions are within its boundaries. Its capital is Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, the largest of thousands of wooded and mountainous islands, which, with snow-peaks, forests, and fiords, combine to make the voyage through the Georgian Straits and thence to Alaska, for variety and grandeur, unsurpassed and perhaps unequaled in the world.

In British Columbia the Columbia River takes its rise, and flows through lakes and between mountains until it empties into the Pacific near Astoria. No other river in the United States or Europe offers such grand scenery as the Columbia. Beside it the Hudson and the Rhine are tame. But the glory of the Columbia is eclipsed by the Frazer, which is all within the limits of British Columbia, and which, while it is neither so large nor so long, pursues its devious course through gorges and between mountains which make its scenery probably the grandest of any river in Europe or America. These are two of the chief rivers of the Province; others almost worthy to be ranked with them are the Skeena, the Stikeen, the Liard, and the Peace.

Passing now from geography to a closer inspection of the scenery of British Columbia, we find words altogether inadequate for our task. Those who have crossed the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway have had a glimpse of its mountains, lakes, and rivers. I am quite familiar with what may be seen from railways in Europe, America, and Japan; but nothing that I have elsewhere found compares for grandeur with what is passed as the train moves through the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. The regions around Glacier, Laggan, Banff, and especially Mount Stephen, seem to me to surpass even the Alps at Zermatt—and language can go no further. But this is only the culmination of glorious scenery which is approached, if not reached, in many other places. Vancouver's Island, for instance, near its northern limits, is Alpine in its ruggedness, and the mountains rise abruptly from the sea. The coast from the southern end of Vancouver's Island to Alaska is as wonderful as Norway—the fiords are as deep, the coast-line as picturesque, and the mountains higher. If one is in search of sublime scenery, he may find a surfeit of it in British Columbia.

But how about the people? This question cannot be answered by itself. It must be remembered that "of the 300,000,000 acres and upwards which are supposed to lie within the Province, only about 10,000,000 consist of pasture and arable land within existing means of communication." Obviously, no very large population can be expected where such conditions prevail. The wealth of the Province, however, will never be in its agriculture, but always in its timber, its minerals, and its fisheries. All these are practically inexhaustible. Forests of fir-trees stretch away like oceans in every direction; the rivers and bays are alive with fish—especially salmon; the best coal on the coast is found on Vancouver's Island; while almost all the mountains invite prospectors by their suggestions of silver and gold. People seldom go to such districts in search of homes, but rather to get rich quickly in order that they may have homes elsewhere. There is comfortable room for about 3,000,000 people on the arable land of the Province, but the estimated population is only about 100,000, of which probably about 55,000 are whites, 35,000 Indians, and the remainder chiefly Chinese. The only towns of any importance are Victoria, the capital, Vancouver, and New Westminster. The type of life and the appearance of the people are essentially English, but English tinctured by American. The hotels are on the American plan; ice-cream soda is freely advertised; the money is computed in dollars and cents, and American money passes as readily as the Canadian. Victoria is relatively an old town, and Vancouver a new one. The former is more a place of residence, and the latter of business. The Government buildings in Victoria would be an ornament to any city in Europe, while the location of the city surpasses even Naples. From its park one looks across the Straits of Fuca to Puget Sound; on the right the Olympic Mountains, tipped with snow, rise in endless forms of beauty and grandeur; to the left Mount Baker lifts his majestic peak, with at

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least eight and perhaps ten thousand feet of perpetual snow; around this giant are lesser peaks, while, if the day is clear, directly over the middle of Puget Sound dimly looms the form of Mount Tacoma (or Rainier), the highest of all the mountains of the coast until Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, is reached.

Vancouver is the best example that I know of the speed with which a city can be built. It is practically only thirteen years old. It is situated on a land-locked harbor; faces a great mountain range; has broad, well-paved asphalt streets; hundreds of charming homes; fine business houses; churches worthy of the residences; and all this has come about within thirteen years. At the wharves may be seen steamers and shipping from every part of the world. Thence sail regular lines for Japan, China, Australia, Europe, and various American ports. The city is practically the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which there has its western terminus. It was my privilege to worship on Sunday in the First Congregational Church of Vancouver; and, if one had not known to the contrary, he might have believed himself in England. The pastor is a graduate of Manchester New College, England; the order of service was that common in the old country; the audience, considering the heat of an August day, was excellent; the people were as well dressed, as reverent, and apparently as intelligent as those one meets in any land. Nothing suggested pioneer life or a new city.

One impression which was emphasized again and again in Vancouver, and other towns also, was the fact that the old days of frontier privation are disappearing. The settlements now are chiefly near to the railway. Where they go, the comforts and luxuries of civilization are sure soon to follow. The good order of these new cities was a constant and grateful surprise. There were saloons, of course, in abundance, but neither by day nor by night was disorder seen or did vice flaunt itself. To those who remember the wild orgies of other days in our Western towns, or who know of the brazen effrontery with which vice still displays itself in many of our newer cities, the question must arise, Why the difference? I do not attempt to answer.

British Columbia has a public-school system as generously administered as that in the United States. The Public-School Act provides that "wherever a minimum attendance of ten scholars can be secured, the Government will supply a certificated teacher." Every small town thus has its school. In the country districts there are few if any settlers, and, consequently, few if any schools.

The question of the relation of the Province to the Dominion Government is an interesting one. The inhabitants are citizens of the Province, of the Dominion, and of Great Britain. The Dominion determines such subjects as the customs, the postal service, the care of the Indians, etc., but in all other respects the Province is independent. It is represented in the Dominion Government by six representatives in the Lower House, elected by popular vote, and by three Senators in the Upper House, who are nominated by the Crown and who serve for life. The Assembly of the Province meets at Victoria, is presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor, and is composed of thirty-three members, all of whom are elected by popular vote. The right of voting belongs to all males over twenty-one years of age who are British subjects, who have duly registered, and have lived in the Province for one year.

British Columbia offers few attractions for the agriculturist or the mechanic, but endless inducements for the miner, the adventurer, the sportsman, and the sight-seer. Its population will never be very large, but it will have a few towns which will have much influence on American affairs. Her people are as loyal to the United States as to Canada, although I have heard no talk of annexation. Indeed, most of the sentiment seems in favor of friendship rather than union. Her location is one which makes accurate knowledge by us, and permanent harmony with us, of great importance to both peoples. Danger lurks in the untold wealth of those mountains. That danger should be balanced by such generous sympathy on both sides as will make future difficulty impossible. On the Fourth of July last a regiment of English soldiers from Vancouver visited Seattle, took part in the celebration, and marched through the streets with the regimental band playing "The Red, White, and Blue." While that spirit prevails in the hearts of those who serve the Queen, the mountains of British Columbia may furnish gold for the world, and her waters fish, and there will be no envy on the part of wise and loyal citizens of the United States. The various provinces of Canada are destined, before many years, to have a population of thirty or forty millions.

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The greatness and the richness of their territory we do not yet appreciate; but their future is as well assured as our own. The importance of the removal of all possible causes of division, and the cultivation of friendship, between the United States and Canada, can hardly be exaggerated. The Canadians long for it; that longing should meet a generous and grateful response on our side of the border.

A Vermont Churchyard

By Priscilla Leonard

IT is in a small town, of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. Not one of the oldest towns of the Green Mountain State—for few of the inscriptions on its stones go back beyond the present century—but a sleepy, contented little community that has thriven among the hills, and where the ancestors of two generations have lived honorably, died peacefully, and lie buried in the old churchyard, now superseded by a new "cemetery" on the hills beyond the town—a place of urns and monuments and obelisks and like abominations.

Here, in the old graveyard, are the straight, high gravestones, with here and there a horizontal slab on four marble legs, or a double-peaked stone where husband and wife or brother and sister lie buried together. The headstones are sometimes half sunk in the grassy swells of the turf, and this is especially true of the tiny tablets of those little morsels of humanity who did not survive their first New England winter, and whose miniature memorials are almost hidden by the clover and the sweetbrier that run wild about them. One of these, erected in memory of a certain baby Josiah, is so tiny that the inscription is sadly cramped upon the narrow stone:

Frost-handed Death
(py'd
The expanding bud es
(pear'd
And ere the flower ap
'Twas smit, and died.

It is not a well-kept graveyard—the milkweed and the yarrow have crept into it, and a tangle of sumach and wild grapevine overgrows its eastern end; but fine old trees shade it, and the white birch, with its silvery grace, and the slim, feathery locust, stand guard over its mossy and leaning tombstones. On a September afternoon, with the warm autumn sun lying on its grassy slope and lighting the worn letters on the time-stained marble slabs, it is a place to linger tenderly in, and to remember afterwards as an abode of peace.

They were simple folk, these village worthies of a bygone time. Their names were often quaint and fanciful, as if from some old-fashioned romance. Philinda, Elvada, Chloe, Lura, Pluma, Weltha, Thaddeus, are a few of the names carved on the "mossy marbles" which commemorate their charms and virtues. But Biblical names, of course, as always in New England churchyards, are in the great majority. Tryphena, Jedediah, Shubel, Adah, Simeon, Cephas, Jerusha, Joel, Zilpha, Abner, Mehitable, Cyrus—the list is endless. Perhaps the queerest name of all is "Preserved Fish," whose parents apparently did not recognize the care in nomenclature which their surname rendered necessary. Poor Fish—his unique name is certainly Preserved in the heart of every passer-by who has any sense of humor.

There are queer lapses in spelling here and there—"Malancton," "Menervy," and "Roxany," for example. And at times the grief is as artless as the spelling. For instance, a double-peaked stone, under which two brothers were buried in the same year, bears the inscription:

Great God!
Thy shaft slew twice
And twice our peace was slain!
And twice ere yet the year
Revolved not half her course!

"Mrs. Letrecia, wife of Hugh S——," who died in 1820, seems to have found the King of Terrors as much of a gentleman as the poet affirms the Prince of Darkness to be, for her epitaph is as follows:

Calmly she breathed her life away
Prepared to live or die
Death like a courteous Angel came
And bade her spirit fly.

The epitaph of "Mrs. Jemima, wife of Ebin W——," thus challenges the passer-by:

Frail mortal stop
And drop a tear
Departed worth
Lies buried here.

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And there is an old-fashioned fervor and swing to the lines which preserve the memory of "Lucey wife of Michael M——," who died in 1810:

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone
He whom I fix my hopes upon
His track I see, and will pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went
The road that leads from banishment
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

As in this also:

Death, thou hast Conquered me
I by Darts am slain
But Christ has Conquered thee
And I shall rise again.

Several of the inscriptions have a strong family resemblance to well-known ones in other old graveyards. Here are a few examples:

Once as young and gay as you
My hour is early come
Youth beware and do prepare
The Lord will call you home.

—

As you are now, so once was I
But now I am in Eternity
As I am now, so shall you be
Prepare for death, and follow me.

—

Friends nor physicia[n]s could not save
An only son from the cold grave
Sleep, sweet youth and take thy rest
To call the[e] home God saw it best.

—

Death is a debt to Nature due
That i have paid and so must you.

These two last show the carelessness of the stone-cutter who carved their legends. But the mistakes of the next inscription cannot be entirely attributed to a bungling workman, and would tickle the most reverent visitor among these crumbling stones. It is in memory of "Lyllie, wife of Alpheus P——," and reads:

Go way my friends
dry up your tears
I must ly here
till Christ appears.

The fashion of thus running a line over is common, and appears again upon a tall, leaning slab of slate further down the brier-bordered track left by the funeral processions of seventy years ago. It is in memory of "Almena, wife of Miron N——:"

Farewell, farewell vain world
farewell to thee
For thou hast nothing more
to do with me.

A quaint epitaph, dating from 1810, is:

In memory of
Polly Ann,
wife of Peter M——.

Let wormes devower my waisting flesh
And crumble all my bones to dust
My God shall raise my frame afresh
At the revival trump, I trust.

Vermont was a patriotic place in the Revolution, and though only one battle was fought within her borders—not very far away from this little graveyard, by the way—her sons were active in other States and other campaigns. One Revolutionary worthy lies here, buried beside his faithful wife, under a double-peaked stone. They died in 1835, within a month of each other, and the inscription upon their tomb has a dignity and flavor of its own:

The graves of Capt. J. Tolman
and wife

This venerable couple lived together fifty-seven years, the greater portion of which time was devoted to the service of their divine Master. During the Revolutionary struggle as a commanding officer he was indefatigable in his exertions. And in the memorable battle of Lexington distinguished himself as a fearless defender of his country's liberty. They were remarkable for their attachment to each other, and died much lamented.

Not far away from the resting-place of the old patriot and his wife the sweetbrier sprays cluster thickly about a slab half sunk in the tangled grass, whose dim lines have a pathos in them which is not soon forgotten:

The relics of departed worth
Lie shrouded here in gloom
And here with aching heart I mark
My own dear mother's tomb.

Beside it another stone bears the name of the daughter, who lived only a year or so longer. They are solitary graves—at least no others of the name are found in the long rows of stones beneath the shade of the locusts and the elm-trees. Only a mother and daughter, in a village town, seventy years ago—and yet one can feel the loneliness of the survivor breaking passionately through the carven letters, as if it were a grief of yesterday. And so, though the grassy field lies deserted under the flickering shadows, and the last sorrow that entered its gates is half a century old by this time, one goes out from its peaceful loneliness reverently, as having trodden in a sacred place—a place of beloved dead, mourned for with full hearts, although by a generation that, in its turn, has passed away.

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Books and Authors

Primitive Religions[1]

In the earlier stages of culture men regard the gods of their neighbors as devils; later, as no gods, nothing; and, finally, as poor ideas of the one God. Between the Psalmist and St. Paul there was a long stretch of religious development. Paul saw that all men intended to worship the true God, and to serve him. Philosophy has been but one of the paths that men have followed in their search after God. In our own day the comparative view of religions has done much to strengthen faith, hope, and charity, in ways unanticipated. Our hold on Christianity becomes thereby firmer and more intelligent.

A volume of lectures upon a comparative view of the religions of primitive culture, from Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, is no less than an event. His is a name which commands attention among the living anthropologists of the world. His immense and accurate learning, his genial temper in debate, his open mind and reverent spirit, are recognized upon both sides of the ocean. Beyond question Dr. Brinton is our chief Americanist, and, besides, what there is to know about the Mayan culture, that he knows.

Dr. Brinton starts out with a premise which is an indisputable fact, namely, that all peoples and races have the idea that back of the forces which in our perception we call phenomena or the universe there exists Mind, conscious and free, the origin of all force or forces; and also, as a corollary to this fundamental fact of human consciousness, that there is involved in this universal conviction the implied conviction that between the primal Mind and the minds of men there is possible a communication. Anthropology proves this; psychology demonstrates the same. These correlated ideas lie at the basis of all religions, whether of the Bushman or of Fénelon and Dr. R. W. Dale.

The extraordinary similarities which exist between religions remote from one another in time and space arise from this fact. Missionaries and students of the ethnic religions have often been surprised, if not dismayed, by the widespread beliefs in a fall, a deluge, a messiah, sacraments, incarnation, church, etc. Some thought the universal occurrence of these religious ideas was due to diabolical agency, some to relics of a primitive revelation, some to migration of tribes and intercommunication of peoples. The effect of these striking identities disturbed the faith of some Christians, because the hasty inference was made that these widespread similarities were due to a common delusion. St. Paul was not ignorant of such identity of religious ideals, when he said that the Eternal had made all men on the whole face of the earth of one blood, to seek after the Eternal if perchance by effort and evolution they might attain unto Him.

All religions count themselves inspired and call themselves revealed. If we eliminate this common factor, what special claim shall we make for Christianity? History will answer that in that case the superiority of Christianity is in its spirituality. By its spirituality we mean its ideal. Its ideal is Jesus. The claim is unique. Up to the present, history has shown no other religious ideal comparable to Jesus of Nazareth. However, Dr. Brinton does not get thus far. His concern is almost entirely with primitive culture. It is in this realm that he establishes the truth that religion is at once spiritual and possessed of moral sanction. For this reason religion has from the first been the largest factor in human progress. Of the savage of North America, of Africa, or of Polynesia, Dr. Brinton says: "His religious education cultivated in him some of the finest qualities of perfected manhood;" "We must recognize the potency of the religious element occasionally to separate him from others as one of 'the elect,' to train him in self-realization and self-government, and to cherish in his mind the germs of a free personality." Primitive man does not distinguish between the sacred and secular. Every pursuit of his has religious quality. Therefore the hunt, the planting of the crops, the making of houses or shelter, the shaping of pots and bowls, as well as the war council and the village government, are ecclesiastical functions. They are ceremonies of religion, and attended by liturgic acts which testify to their recognition of the holy Power who pervades the universe. The shaman, or medicine-man, is the customary vessel of divine inspiration of

[1] *Religions of Primitive Peoples.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Sc.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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primitive religions. Yet any Saul may be among the prophets at some time of his life. The rites of initiation assume that the Spirit will be poured out upon all flesh. Ecstasy, rhapsody, hysteria, trance, hypnotism, gnosis, "cosmic consciousness," are names given to this veritable condition and exalted experience known to every religion, when the subliminal consciousness utters itself, perhaps through the ganglionic system; then young men and old, matrons and maidens, see visions and dream dreams of the divine. Dr. Brinton does not discredit this utterance of sub-conscious mentality. "Who," cries our author, "dare measure the height and the depth of the sub-conscious intelligence? . . . Who dare deny that in their unconscious functions our minds may catch some overtones, as it were, from the harmonies of the Universal Intelligence, . . . and vibrate in unison therewith?" In every stage of religious culture God-consciousness is genuine. Why, then, send Christian missionaries? Because the God-consciousness is transitory, indefinite, fitful, and lightly loaded with ethical sanction; because, also, the idea of God is so imperfect that it always tends to degeneration and decay. In our brief space it is possible to deal with little beyond Dr. Brinton's treatment of the morphology of his subject. In this he is so clear that whoso runs may read. The style is admirable. The basis of his method is the psychologic unity of mankind.

Undoubtedly there have been loans of legends, and migrations of some myths, but these loans do not account for the universality of certain mythic ideas and religious symbols. This fact Dr. Brinton demonstrates in instancing the universality of cosmical and deluge myths, and the symbols of sacred numbers and the cross, in stories of the earthly paradise and the second advent of the Saviour, or culture hero. It seems useless, if not foolish, to trace the folk-tales of Br'er Rabbit to a Buddhist birth-story, as Mr. Jacobs did last winter, when we find the folk-lore of the rabbit current among the primitive peoples of North America. In point of fact, Mr. Wood showed in his "Survivals in Christianity" that Christian theology found in every country of the world folk-faiths analogous to its dogmas. This hastened the spread of the religion of Christ, and somewhat alloyed its teachings. This alloy we are now striving to eliminate.

There are instances where the ordinary reader will be tempted to question statements of the author. For example, he says (p. 227), "Religion, when vital and active, is ever revolutionary and anarchic." Yes, but that is one side. At the same time, religions have always been conservative in their outward expression of organization, creed, and ceremonial.

Possibly there will be readers who regard as too sweeping the declaration on page 114: "Myths are not figurative explanations of natural phenomena; they are not vague memories of ancestors and departed heroes; they are not philosophic speculations or poetic fancies. They are distinctly religious in origin, and, when genuine, are the fruit of that insight into that divine, that 'beatific vision,' on which I have laid such emphasis, as the real and only foundation of all religions whatsoever." This suggests Bayard Taylor's verse:

> All outward vision yields to that within,
> Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key.

What we have already said we close with repeating: this is one of the notable books of the year. It is more than a study in comparative religion. It treats of the fundamentals of religion itself.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending August 26. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

In *Jerome Savonarola*, written in commemoration of the fourth centenary of the death of the reformer, the Rev. J. L. O'Neil gives to the general reader a sketch of the life and work of the great friar. The purpose of the book is to show that at all times in his life Savonarola was a devout adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, even though "excessive zeal" at times led him to take a "false stand." The author's creed naturally inclines him always to place the conduct of Alexander VI. in the most favorable light. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and contains a useful bibliography of Savonarola literature. (Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston.)

A pamphlet of eighty pages, a "Table of Contents" to Professor George P. Fisher's *History of Christian Doctrine*, in the International Theological Library series, is an elaborate syllabus of that work carried into a detail that renders it of value even in its detached form. For instance, nearly a page

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is devoted to a statement of the positions of the Ritschlian theology. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

It is a valuable service that has been rendered, especially to the thoughtful class of readers, by the publication of *Character and Characteristics of William Law*, Nonjuror and Mystic, selected and arranged, with an introduction, by Alexander Whyte, D.D, of St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. Dr. Whyte justly calls Mr. Law "the greatest English theologian and the best practical writer of the eighteenth century," as well as "the greatest of our English mystics." Augustine Birrell describes him as "the inimitable author of the 'Serious Call.'" All readers of John Wesley's life know how influentially it was molded by Law. Yet Law alone of his famous contemporaries—Addison, Butler, Defoe, Goldsmith, Johnson, Pope, Swift—is comparatively unknown, though fully their peer in intellectual strength, and peerless among them in his fertilizing genius.

Jewish Religious Life after the Exile is a volume that will be widely welcomed. It is the third series of American Lectures on the History of Religions, and consists of the lectures given last winter by Canon Cheyne in nine cities. While aiming to give critical students of the post-Exilic period a synthesis of the best results of study now attainable, so as to present the materials for a fair judgment of their degree of probability, Professor Cheyne has endeavored to do this in such a way as to interest a wider circle of those who desire to know more of "our mother-religion, the Jewish." However one may be inclined to a suspense of judgment in minor matters of detail, there is abundant ground for the claim that at least a solid framework of true history for the period covered by the six lectures of this book has now been constructed. And this, a true history of the Jewish religion, is the thing principally required by the student of the Old Testament. We most heartily commend these lectures to that great number of our readers who are interested in Biblical study by the modern method. (G. P Putnam's Sons, New York.)

John Burnet of Barns is a well-written novel by a comparatively new writer, Mr. John Buchan, of whom we suspect the novel-reading world will know more before long. The tale is one of Scottish life and adventure in the times preceding the accession of William of Orange. The story is told very quietly, and for a novel of adventure is extremely placid. Its chief lack is that of distinct force. It includes a charming love-story. (John Lane, New York.)

Under the title *The Rainbow's End*, Alice Palmer Henderson has written an extremely vivacious and readable account of travel and investigation in Alaska. Her observations on the life and peculiarities of the natives are quite largely from the woman's point of view, and are none the less welcome on that account. One impression left by the book is that, if the United States is to own and govern distant territory, as now seems probable, it should carry on that government in a more businesslike and satisfactory way than is the case in Alaska. The book is well illustrated. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Socialism and the Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century, by Professor Sombart, of the University of Breslau, is a judicial review of the development of socialistic thought and feeling in Europe. The author's attitude is that of a spectator rather than that of a critic. He does, indeed, criticise severely the revolutionary methods urged by materialistic socialists, and shows how materialism furnishes the natural groundwork for their methods. But even here he maintains his judicial temper, and points out that the hostility of the ecclesiastical organization toward the aspirations of the working classes has naturally awakened a counter hostility among these classes toward a religion which is apparently one of "bad tidings to the poor." In a similar way he shows that the anti-national spirit of the socialists is largely due to the hostility toward them of the officials of their own country, as distinguished from the friendliness of the working people of other countries. When the attitude of the ecclesiastical and political organizations towards social reform changes, he anticipates a revival of religion and national spirit. Already, he points out, the international creed of the socialists would not prevent its professors from resisting the invasion of their native countries by the degraded hordes of the Orient. Corroboration of this may be seen in the fact that in the United States it was pre-eminently the "socialistic" element in society which checked just such an invasion. Professor Sombart's comments on the social movements of the century are, as a rule, so just that the volume is well worthy of its excellent translation into English. The translator is the Rev. H. P. Atterbury, of this city. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

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Literary Notes

—"The Control of the Tropics," the new book by Mr. Benjamin Kidd referred to in his article on another page, was issued by the Macmillan Company, of New York, on September 7.

—The third centenary of Edmund Spenser's death will occur early next year. The poet died in poverty and neglect on January 16, 1599—and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great pomp.

—October is to see the publication of another volume in Mr. Murray's new edition of Byron. This is to contain more letters. The succeeding volume will include "Childe Harold," the "Thyrza" poems, and probably "The Corsair."

—Miss Margaret Benson, daughter of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, has been engaged in excavations at Karnak, and has written a book describing her discoveries and giving an account of the daily life of excavators in Egypt.

—The cause of cheap books is advocated in "The Author," on thoroughly practical grounds. Experience in a workingmen's library has convinced one correspondent that the writers of the Penny Dreadful and the Shilling Shocker hold their own simply from the cheapness of their wares. "Place good works," he says, "within the reach of men and women who rarely have more than sixpence or a shilling to spare for a luxury, and the circulation of those who write good English, who can depict real life, draw real characters, and who have thoughts and ideas worthy of expression, will utterly swamp and crowd out the noisome trash which flaunts in the little East End book-shop windows to-day. Their circulation will rise from thousands to hundreds of thousands; from hundreds of thousands to millions. Brother authors, take courage! The 'popular taste' is sound to the core."

—Canon Scott-Holland, in the "Commonwealth," gives an account of the first occasion on which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ruskin met. It was at Hawarden about 1881, and the Canon arrived by the same train as Mr. Ruskin:

"As we drove up," says Canon Scott-Holland, "I discovered he had the darkest view possible of his host, imbibed from the 'Master' Carlyle, to whose imagination he figured, apparently, as the symbol of all with which he was at war. Ruskin was, therefore, extremely timid and suspicious, and had secured, in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which might at any moment summon him home; this telegram loomed largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace." But as hour by hour Ruskin got happier the references to its possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical. The amusement of the meeting of the two, the Canon points out, lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. At one time Walter Scott was uppermost. Here, indeed, it was thought, was common ground, but Mr. Gladstone unfortunately dropped the remark that "Sir Walter had made Scotland." On Mr. Ruskin's inquiry as to the meaning of the phrase, Mr. Gladstone began telling of the amazing contrast between the means of communication in Scotland before Sir Walter wrote compared with the present day, mentioning the number of coaches that were now conveying masses of happy trippers up and down the Trossachs. Mr. Ruskin's face had been deepening with horror, and at last he could bear it no longer: "But, my dear sir," he broke out, "that is not making Scotland; it is unmaking it!"

Books Received

For the week ending September 2

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, PHILADELPHIA

Batten, Samuel Z. The New Citizenship. 90 cts.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

Filian, Rev. George H. Heavenly Lights.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Pennell, Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. Over the Alps on a Bicycle. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. 50 cts.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Wilson, Woodrow. The State (revised edition).

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Conder, C. R. The Hittites and their Language. $2.50.
Maclaren, Ian, and Others. In Answer to Prayer. 75 cts.
Wallace, Alfred Russel. The Wonderful Century. $2.50.
Lavignac, Albert. The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner. $2.50.
Ellwanger, George H. Meditations on Gout. $2.
Barlow, Jane. A Creel of Irish Songs. $1.25.
Steevens, G. W. Egypt in 1898. $1.50.
Thomson, John, F.R.G.S. Through China with a Camera. $5.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

Rhoscomyl, Owen. The Lady of Castell March. $1.
Wilkins, Mary E. The People of Our Neighborhood. 50 cts.
Life's Book of Animals. $1.
Ellis, E. S. Klondike Nuggets. $1.
Miles, Nelson A., Major-General U. S. A. Military Europe. $1.50.
Shearman, Thomas G. Natural Taxation. $1.
Doyle, A. Conan. Songs of Action. $1.25.

THE HELMAN-TAYLOR CO., CLEVELAND, O.

Seklemian, A. G. The Golden Maiden.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., NEW YORK

Harnack, Adolph. History of Dogma. Vol. IV.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. Problems of Modern Industry. $2.50.

THE OXFORD NEWS CO., OXFORD, O.

Undergraduate Life at the Western College for Women, Oxford, O. 35 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Great Words from Great Americans. Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
Andrews, Charles M. The Historical Development of Modern Europe. 1850-1897. $2.50.
Grey, Henry. The Classics for the Million. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Clark, Francis E. Fellow-Travelers. $1.25.
Meyer, F. B. Meet for the Master's Use. 30 cts.
Speer, R. E., and Others. Select Northfield Sermons. 30 cts.

STUYVESANT PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tyler, Randolph Irving. Four Months After Date. 50 cts.

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The Religious World

A Ministers' Union of All Denominations

This is an organization which has been in existence for about four years. It meets semi-annually at the town hall in Ayer, Mass. —a spring and a fall meeting. There are rarely less than thirty ministers, of six or seven different denominations, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians predominating. It is an all-day convention, all dining together in a frugal repast, but making up in good-fellowship what it lacks in richness and variety of diet. Lately the afternoon session has been opened to the public, and questions of general interest pertaining to social, parish, and town life, reform, and good citizenship have been discussed by experts, and the meetings are closed by the joint recitation of the Lord's Prayer. No special efforts are made to interest non-members to join the body or to attend the sessions. The Presidents have been Baptist, Unitarian, and Methodist. Preceding the present incumbent (the Rev. Dr. Whittaker, Methodist), it was a Unitarian, the Rev. A. J. Rich, who presided for two one-half years. It is meant that the different denominations shall be alternately represented in the chairmanship, although the purpose is to drop the sect name and spirit as much as possible, and to strive for unity, brotherly love, truth, and helpfulness to each other in all ways which touch the common life and well-being of the members, and their work and success as Christian preachers and pastors. Addresses have been given by Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis, and specialists on the vital questions of the day. Such men as Dean Hodges, Dr. Dickinson, of the Institutional Church (Berkeley), Boston; Rabbi Fleischer, of Boston, and Dr. Whittaker, have read papers. Dr. Hale has also spoken at the meetings. The Union owes its existence to the Rev. W. J. Batt, Chaplain of the Concord (Mass.) Reformatory, formerly an Orthodox Congregational minister of a large and sympathetic spirit. The broadening, sweetening influence of this organization is seen and felt in all the circle of the Conference, which is absolutely non-ecclesiastical, but devoted to religious unity; and, since its fellowship includes Jews as well as Christians, Catholics as well as Protestants, Free Religionists, and Pagans, if they choose to come, special emphasis is not given to any phase of religious belief or profession. It is quite sufficient to deal with questions of human interest and of practical well-being. A similar organization called "The Souhegan Ministers' Union" was started in Milford, N. H., eight years ago, including ministers of all denominations in a circle of six or seven towns around. It met at first every two weeks, then every month. For about a year the meetings have been suspended, partly because of the removal of pastors, and partly because some brethren, fearing the result of such free mingling of orthodox and heretic, have withdrawn. An attempt will be made soon to resume the meetings, which for six years proved to be very interesting and profitable. In three or four Boston suburban towns similar unions have been started.

General Conference of the Society of Friends

The biennial Conference of the Society of Friends was in session at Richmond, Ind., from the 22d until the 26th of August. A special train brought a strong delegation from the East to this Quaker City of the Middle West, and almost every Friendly community between the Atlantic and the Mississppi was represented. The meetings were large, numbering from eight hundred to fourteen hundred, and the proceedings were marked by dignity, earnestness, and harmony. The Conference considered, first, the First-day (Sabbath) Schools of the Society, strong papers being presented upon Bible study and upon practical methods of aggressive work; secondly, Philanthropic Labor, including temperance, prison reform, peace, and the suppression of demoralizing literature, special features being the decision to co-operate with the American Anti-Saloon League, and the adoption of a memorial to President McKinley commending his humanitarian course during the Spanish war and urging moderation in the American terms of peace; thirdly, Education, under which head the obligation of the Society to educate its children, and the essentially religious character of the concern of Friends in education, were strongly dwelt upon; and, lastly, the Religious Work of the Society, religious culture in the home and the relation of the organization to its smaller meetings and to

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isolated members being the subjects of most serious consideration. In regard to the value of the papers presented and to the life and interest manifested in the discussions, the Conference compared favorably with those held at Swarthmore in 1896 and at Chappaqua in 1894. The fundamentals of Quakerism, the immediate revelation of the will of God to the human soul, and individual responsibility in view of this divine immanence, were strongly dwelt upon at every session. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the interest manifested by members of the other (orthodox) branch of the Society, and their kindness in providing a meeting-place for one of the sessions; a very hopeful evidence of the growth of Christian unity among us. The next meeting of the General Conference will be at Chautauqua in the summer of 1900.

Bishop Hartzell's Work in Africa

Bishop Hartzell, who has in charge the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the continent of Africa, has been in America some weeks, and will return to his great diocese in November, after the annual meetings of the Bishops and General Missionary Committee of his Church. He was called to this work in 1896. Since that date he has made an extended episcopal tour on both coasts of Africa, and through the southern and eastern sections of the continent, as far north as the Zambesi River. The reports of his work and plans for the future have been largely presented and discussed through the religious and secular press of America, and a widespread and favorable impression has been created that the openings for missionary work in the Dark Continent are most promising. His missionaries are working from four centers: Liberia and Angola on the west coast, Mozambique and Rhodesia on the eastern coast. The educational work in Liberia is being greatly strengthened. The College of West Africa at Monrovia is the central school, in which there is now a faculty of five teachers and an attendance of 140 pupils, boarding-halls for both boys and girls having been recently opened. Schools are being conducted in the various churches throughout the Republic of Liberia, and a call has been made for twenty volunteers, from among the young men and women of the South, to go as teachers. Within a few months the first five will start for their distant field of labor. Industrial education will form an important feature in all these schools. A mission press is also being established at Monrovia, which, among other things, will print a monthly paper. Eighty-five ministers and lay workers were stationed at the Liberia Annual Conference held last February. The Bishop has been officially commissioned by the Liberian Government to use his friendly offices in behalf of a quasi or actual protectorate over that little black nation, either by the United States or England. In consultation with the consuls of Liberia, both in London and Washington, he has been influential in awakening a renewed interest in the Liberian Republic. Angola is a large Portuguese colony on the western coast with Loanda as its capital, and the Methodist Episcopal Church has a line of stations extending from that city inland to Melange, a distance of 350 miles. Here plans are developing for an enlargement of the work, including the establishment of industrial schools, and of a mission press to print tracts and books in the Kimbudu language. The missionaries have already published grammars and portions of the New Testament in that language. Melange is five thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a beautiful and healthful section of the continent. In eastern Africa the British South Africa Company has made large concessions in lands and buildings for the inauguration of literary and industrial schools and church work among both the European whites and the native blacks. Several missionaries will sail for this important field in a few days. Earl Grey, of London, and several other distinguished Englishmen connected with the British South Africa Company, which has under its direction 700,000 square miles in the south central section of the continent, give a cordial welcome to the American Church in assisting to develop Anglo-Saxon civilization where for thousands of years barbarism has held undisputed sway.

Congregationalists and the Brotherhood of English-Speaking People

During the meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches which was held in Portland, Ore., in July last, several of the citizens of that city were so much impressed by the evidence of fraternity displayed between the representative of the English Churches and the delegates from the American Churches that they arranged to emphasize their appreciation of the interna-

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tional good feeling by an exchange of national flags. They selected as the American representative the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J. Two beautiful silk flags were manufactured for the occasion, and in the name of the American Churches Dr. Bradford was to present the Rev. Dr. Mackennal, the English delegate, with the Stars and Stripes, and Dr. Mackennal was to present Dr. Bradford with the Union Jack. The plan as originally proposed was not carried out, because of the unexpectedly early departure of Dr. Mackennal. After the Council the flags were placed in Dr. Bradford's hands. He has sent the American flag to Dr. Mackennal, and himself retains that of Great Britain. An exchange of interesting letters between Dr. Mackennal and Dr. Bradford accompanied this exchange of flags, and served to increase the patriotic and fraternal spirit of the act.

The League for Social Service

The League for Social Service, whose formation we reported July 30, has completed its organization by electing Dr. Josiah Strong President, William H. Tolman Secretary, and Spencer Trask Treasurer.

The following persons were named in the Certificate of Incorporation as the first Board of Directors:

Washington Choate, Mary Lowe Dickinson, William B. Howland, John W. Kjelgaard, Robert C. Ogden, Margaret E. Sangster, Albert Shaw, Josiah Strong, William H. Tolman, Spencer Trask, and Mornay Williams.

The following persons have consented to serve on the Advisory Council:

Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, R. Fulton Cutting, Miss Clare de Graffenried, Pres. H. B. Frissell, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Bishop F. D. Huntington, Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, Bishop John F. Hurst, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, John H. Patterson Bishop Henry C. Potter, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Dr. Kerr B. Tupper, and Bishop John H. Vincent.

The object of the League is to educate public opinion and the popular conscience, from the enlightening and quickening of which must come every needed reform, whether moral, political, industrial, or social, and to afford a medium through which an aroused public sentiment can be brought to bear quickly and effectively on legislation.

The method of the League includes (1) the preparation and systematic distribution of literature, (2) a bureau of information, and (3) a lecture bureau

1. The literature, which will be unsectarian and non-partisan, will discuss needed reforms and deal with the many subjects related to social betterment. It will be adapted to all classes and translated into as many languages as may be necessary to reach our polyglot population. Its preparation will be intrusted to men and women who are recognized as authorities in their special lines.

It is expected that the various young people's societies in the churches will co-operate in the systematic distribution of the leaflets so as to reach the million.

2. The bureau of information will indicate the latest sources of information regarding present-day problems, whether religious, moral, philanthropic, industrial, social, or civic.

3. The lecture bureau will arrange lecture courses and secure lecturers on social problems.

Annual membership, which is one dollar, will carry with it the receipt of one copy of every leaflet issued during the year of membership and the use of the information bureau.

Others who co-operate financially to the extent of five dollars or more in one year will be sustaining members.

Further information and sample leaflets may be procured on application to the League for Social Service, United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York.

We commend the League to our readers as one of the most hopeful of recent undertakings to promote an intelligent and truly patriotic citizenship.

The Bible Normal College

The Bible Normal College at Springfield, Mass., of which we gave an account July 2, announces the first of its three special "extension courses" of ten weeks each, as beginning September 14. These are open to any person with a church recommendation, while the "diploma courses" are restricted to college graduates, or persons of an equivalent training. The expense of a single "extension course" is $45. The first course includes the following studies:

1. Bible-Study: (*a*) Old Testament Prophecy. (*b*) Studies in the life of Christ.
2. Child-Study: (*a*) The Child and the Church. (*b*) The Nature and Scope of Child-Study. (*c*) The Development of the Child.
3. General Pedagogy: (*a*) The growth of religious concepts, such as God, immortality, etc. (*b*) Their pedagogical implications and treatment.
4. Sociology and Missions: (*a*) Human society in the light of its institutions, particularly the home. (*b*) The motives to missionary work. (*c*) The need of missions.
5. Bible School Pedagogy: (*a*) General method, applying the principles of psychology and pedagogy to the preparation and teaching of lessons the subject matter of which is drawn from the Bible. (*b*) Bible-school organization.

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Correspondence

Concerning George Kennan

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I congratulate The Outlook on Mr. Kennan's letter in your issue for July 30. The admirablest piece of writing I have seen during the war. It must do immense good.

W. S. RAINSFORD.

St. George's Rectory, New York.

Secretary Alger's Inefficiency

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I want to thank you personally for your insistence in The Outlook on an investigation being ultimately made into the conduct of the War Department in failing to equip and properly care for our soldiers in the field. My brother is a non-commissioned officer in the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and my own intense interest has made me follow the conduct of the war with much care. As an American citizen I have been filled with pride as I have contemplated the work of our war President, though I had never believed that he possessed these statesmanlike qualities, and he received my vote only because of the peculiar political conditions which existed at the time of his election. The inefficiency of the Department of War comes out in stronger relief because of the splendid efforts and brilliant success of the Navy Department in bringing our navy from a condition of unpreparedness for war to one of the greatest efficiency, which must ever be a monument to its head.

I never cease to wonder at the conduct of men who in times of peace we regard as politicians above everything, but who, when danger threatens the country, seem to be forgetful of personal ambitions, and, under the burden of great responsibilities, develop a statesmanship that compels our admiration. One begets a faith in the permanence of our American institutions that will require long years of misgovernment in our National, State, and municipal institutions altogether to efface. That we see in Secretary Alger the exception to this rule and one who under a most sacred trust has not ceased to play the game of politics and made our War Department the cause of derisive comment abroad is sufficient reason, I believe, for requiring an investigation into the conduct of the Department from the time when Secretary Alger assumed control. I hope you will carry on the agitation of the matter.

WM. H. HOBBS.

University of Wisconsin.

[We agree with you in holding Secretary Alger responsible for the outrageous mismanagement of the War Department; but we think it is time to say that President McKinley is responsible for Secretary Alger. In our opinion, the President will hopelessly mar his fine administrative record if he persists in his tacit defense and support of the Secretary of War.—THE EDITORS.]

The War Over, but Not the Soldiers' Needs

To the Editors of The Outlook:

One of the greatest mistakes made by philanthropically inclined people at the present day is a case of *non sequitur*. It is the conclusion that, because peace has been declared, there is no further need of helping the soldiers now in the military camps and hospitals of our own country. Never was there greater need than now for Christian work, for reading matter, for comforts and delicacies. Probably for at least a month this need will increase, not decrease. September is one of the worst months of the year for malarial and typhoid fevers. All that can be done should be done for those who have contracted these diseases.

The practical, immediate question is not merely, Who is to blame for all the neglect which our soldiers have undergone? There is another question which stands waiting an answer, and it reads: What can be done by individuals and organizations to allay actual present suffering? The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Christian Commission of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army, have all shared both in purely religious (evangelistic) work and in the work of visiting the sick. As a representative of one of these organizations—the Salvation Army—and as one who has worked during two hot summer months in our largest National military encampment, I have asked permission of The Outlook to appeal to its readers on behalf of the many suffering soldiers who dare not complain for fear of court martial. Are there not some friends sufficiently impressed by the current newspaper reports, many of

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which bear the marks of truth, to help in this time of need, and to help quickly? Gifts of reading matter, pajamas, and food delicacies should be sent prepaid to Salvation Army Tent, Camp Thomas, Lytle, Ga. Gifts of money (for the wise and careful use of which I hold myself personally responsible) should be addressed to me at 532 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Even one dollar bill would enable our workers to bring temporary relief to several sufferers. Whether or not the readers of The Outlook have already helped in other ways, may we not count upon a cordial response to this appeal? Two facts should be remembered in this connection: first, that our work among the soldiers is not bound by any fetters of red tape; second, that in such pressing need as the present condition of our soldiers represents, it is especially true: *Quis cito bis dat.*

ELIZABETH M. CLARK.

Direct Primaries in South Carolina

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The "Primary System" has been elaborated to a greater extent in this State (South Carolina) than perhaps anywhere else; its operations, however, being confined in practice to the Democratic party. The methods are these: The candidates for State and Congressional honors file with the State Committee a statement that they are candidates for certain offices, with a pledge that they will abide by the result of the primary. The State Committee then arranges a series of campaign meetings to be held at the several county seats, and the candidates go upon the circuit, and at these meetings set forth their claims and qualifications, and, if so disposed, attack the records and qualifications of their fellow-candidates. The candidates for county and legislative positions file a similar statement and pledge with the County Committee, who also arrange a series of meetings throughout the county. Almost invariably the candidates publish a card in the public prints announcing their candidacy. The primary elections, which are held after the series of State and county campaign meetings are closed, are regulated to a certain extent in their procedure by a statute. All offices, appointive as well as elective, are thrown into the primary, and the wishes of the voters as expressed thereat are respected by the Governor and Legislature. The newspapers treat the candidates fairly, and, so far as I know, have not practiced any extortion, as in the Ohio case mentioned in a recent issue of The Outlook. The tickets for the State offices are printed with the titles of the offices to be voted for with a blank space under the title where the voter can write the name he prefers. Sometimes the candidates print their names under the proper heading, leaving the other blanks unfilled. The Congressional and county tickets are on the same plan. The State tickets go in one box and the Congressional and county tickets in another, and sometimes boxes are provided for the lesser offices. Under the rules of the Democratic organization it requires a majority to elect, and where the primary discloses a plurality a second primary is held, the race then being between the two highest candidates only. The candidates receiving a majority of the votes at the primary are the candidates of the Democratic party, and are voted for at the State election. While this method prevents the "machine" from running the State, and allows the dweller in the remotest community to register his preference, it makes a long and acrimonious campaign for the higher and more dignified offices, and the successful candidate always suffers from the spirit of disrespect engendered during the campaign. As to the minor offices the plan is not so objectionable, as the campaign is shorter and the popular feelings have less time to ferment. The objections to the plan are: That in time it will lower the dignity of the higher offices, and the ablest men will not aspire to those positions which will turn them into office-beggars compelled to go whining about the State, suffering from, if not bestowing, abuse. In order to preserve white supremacy, the Democrats bow to the edict of the primary, however blasting it may be to individual hopes; but under other conditions the primary would wreck any party which attempted to employ it to that wide extent prevailing here. Then, too, it prevents the formulation of any definite party policy, as each candidate makes his own platform and there are as many platforms as there are candidates.

OBSERVER.

Greenville, S. C.

Education in Hawaii

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of August 20, page 958, you say: "How far a public-school system is in existence in Hawaii we do not know, though if there is one it is evidently inadequate, if, as reported, only a limited number of the

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native Hawaiians know how to read and write."

Bearing directly upon this subject I beg to quote the latest official figures, from Thrum's Hawaiian Almanac for 1898: Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian population above six years of age, 32,390; able to read and write,[1] 27,625; per cent. able to read and write, 85.28.

There are on the islands 195 schools, of which 132 are classed as "government schools" and 63 as "independent schools." Number of teachers, 483; entire population, 109,020 (1896); Hawaiian and part Hawaiian, 39,504; Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian pupils attending school (1896), 7,405. Of "government schools" taught in Hawaiian there are now but two, with but 48 pupils.

That the native Hawaiians are, as a whole, well educated in the ordinary use of the phrase is evident from these statistics. That they are already fairly well Americanized, so far as schools can produce that result, is more than inferential.

Of Americans and Europeans other than Portuguese on the islands, 85.65 per cent. are able to read and write—a proportion almost identical with that of the Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian population.

At the present time there are reported on the islands as of school age (viz., 6 to 15 years) 14,286 (all nationalities), of whom 96.20 per cent. attend school. In 1884 the percentage was but 70.73. Surely the late missionary oligarchy respected some of our New England traditions.

A. C. FARLEY.

Educate the Cuban Negroes

The following letter from Mr. Booker T. Washington indicates a movement in the right direction:

I believe all will agree that it is our duty to follow the work of destruction in Cuba with that of construction. One-half of the population of Cuba is composed of mulattoes or negroes. All who have visited Cuba agree that they need, to put them on their feet, the strength that they can get by thorough intellectual, religious, and industrial training such as is given at Hampton and Tuskegee. In the present depleted condition of the island, industrial education for the young men and women is a matter of the first importance. It will do for them what it is doing for our people in the South.

If the funds can be secured, it is the plan of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama, to bring a number of the most promising negro young men and women to this institution to receive training, that they may return to Cuba and start, in the interest of the people, industrial training on the island. Tuskegee is so near Cuba that it is conveniently located for this work.

It will cost for the traveling expenses and education of each one of these Cuban students $150 for a year's education.

We are ready to begin the work as soon as funds are secured or guaranteed. In what better and more permanent way can we help Cuba than by educating a number of these people?

What I have said of Cuba applies as well to Porto Rico, where over half the population are negroes.

Those who would like to pay the whole or a part of the expenses of one of these students can correspond with Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Does the expression "Christ, our elder brother," occur in the Bible? if so, where? If not, why is it in so general use? R. H.

It is not in the Bible. Its use grows out of the fact that Christ is described in the New Testament as our brother, and also as the first-born—a phrase descriptive rather of spiritual pre-eminence than of chronological precedence. See Mark iii., 33–35; Hebrews ii., 17; Romans viii., 29.

Can you furnish me with any valid reasons for persisting in the custom of teaching to children as actual facts Biblical episodes which we all know to be fictions? How long and upon what arguments is this sham to continue?

W. P. R.

While there is still too much of this, there is less of it than there was not long ago, and this planting of the seeds of skepticism in youthful minds will gradually be prevented by the increasing diffusion of the historical method of Bible study. In promoting the desired improvement one will have to protest with equal earnestness against two opposite mistakes—that of the traditionalist, who fancies that the Bible will be rendered worthless *if* a legendary element be found in it, and that of the shallow critic, who fancies that it has been rendered worthless *because* a legendary element has been found in it.

Please mention a few English books, giving price of each, on the following subjects: 1. A History of Religions. 2. An exposition of the symbolic significance of the Books of Ezekiel and

[1] This applies to *some* language, not necessarily English.

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Revelation, in harmony with the trend of modern thought. 3. Biblical MSS. J. A. J.

1. Dr. Ellinwood's "Oriental Religions and Christianity" (Scribners, New York, $1.75); Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" and "Comparison of All Religions" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $2 each); Dr. Matheson's "Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions" (Randolph, New York, $1.75). 2. This is a vein that has been overworked, and yields more slate than coal. Modern thought pays little attention to it. What there is to know about it can be found in Lange's Commentaries on the two books (Scribners, New York). They can be probably be bought cheaply of second-hand dealers. 3. Fully treated in Dr. Schaff's "Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version" (Harper & Brothers, New York); for a popular account see J. P. Smyth's "The Old Documents and the New Bible" (James Pott & Co., New York), and Dr. Rice's "Our Sixty-six Sacred Books" (Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia); price, *estimated*, $2, $1, and 50 cents respectively. But the whole question as to which group of MSS. contains the original New Testament text has lately been reopened by the strongly supported claim that the codex Bezæ ("D") with its associates presents an older and more reliable text than those hitherto preferred by scholars. The discussion of this is now in progress.

Please explain what Christ meant when he cried out on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Or, rather, why did he use the expression? The orthodox preach that God had turned away from Christ in wrath, which caused the expression; I cannot think that correct. It is not comforting to think that Christ should not have passed into the eternal world with at least as much serenity as Socrates. I fully believe that Christ was divine beyond Socrates. I have partly, to my satisfaction, solved the question as follows: That Christ, in his earnest and assiduous communion with God, had so far conquered the weakness of the flesh that he linked the human and divine in such close and sweet communion that the parting of the spirit with the flesh called forth from the human side the expression in question. A. J. A.

Jesus's last words, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," are evidence that he met death with serenity. The expression you quote was hours earlier, and certainly indicates that a shadow then came over him. But the accounts of the crucifixion show that it brought to the mind both of his disciples and his enemies the 22d Psalm. Compare John xix., 24, and Matthew xxvii., 43, with Psalm xxii., 18 and 8. Now, the first verse of that psalm contains the very words of Jesus's impassioned cry to God. Describing, as the psalm does, the sufferings and the faith of a righteous man under the power of his enemies, the most natural supposition is that Jesus's mind recurred to it and adopted it as descriptive of his own case. As the whole scene pictured in the psalm rose in his memory, the first words of the psalm would naturally rise to his lips. This is far more reasonable than to attribute his cry to a sense of the wrath of God, which by no means all "the orthodox" preach.

There seems to be a close connection between the sexual and the religious nature, as evidenced by the concomitant development of the same, as well as in the fact that when religion becomes degraded it seems to run to the sexual side. Do you know of any literature along this line? I shall be glad if you can give me any suggestions. C. H. H.

There is nothing as yet that is thorough and satisfactory in this obscure line of inquiry. Much that has been written is futile, as being by writers not themselves religious. President Hall, of Clark University, is understood to be investigating the psychology of conversion, and we may hope for light from him. The proceedings of the recent Baptist Congress contain a discussion of that subject, though not a profound one (American Baptist Publication Society, 158 Fifth Avenue). The fact that the period of puberty is, especially for those who have been religiously nurtured, the period when religious impulses are conspicuous, does not seem to belong to the domain of physiology. All spiritual life, of course, is evolved out of physical life, but is more than physical, because the ultimate root of all nature is spirit. And as the human race, with its spiritual characteristics, appeared just when the evolution of animal life had reached its climax, so it seems most natural that the period when the animal life of the individual human being rounds out into ripeness should also be the period when his spiritual life wakens into activity and self-consciousness. The coincidence is no evidence of the causation of the one by the other. The spiritual development is often precocious, long preceding the physical, and often tardy, long subsequent.

In Notes and Queries, The Outlook, August 27, is an inquiry as to author of "Genevra." The poem of "Ginevra" is by Samuel Rogers. It may be found in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," and probably in most of the anthologies. J. R. H.

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For the Little People

Weather: Within and Without

By L. H. Crane

My dear little daughter,
It rains day by day;
And the sky up above
Looks gloomy and gray,
And the street down below
Looks muddy and wet,
And the wind sobs and scolds
Without hindrance or let.
For, taken by spells or taken together,
It is the most sulky and bad-tempered weather.

If my little daughter
Should whine and should fret,
And should cry till with tears
Her cheeks were all wet;
Should scowl up her eyebrows,
And stick her lips out,
Till from forehead to chin
'Twas all frown and all pout,
Such looks and such sounds, all taken together,
Would make in our home a still worse sort of weather.

Whenever the sunshine
Comes out for the day,
Whenever wee daughter
Is loving and gay,
The sun smiling above
In merry blue skies
Smiles dancing and twinkling
In daughter's blue eyes—
'Tis then that we have, all taken together,
Both outdoors and indoors, most beautiful weather.

A True Fairy-Tale

By M. P. Smith

Once upon a time there was a beautiful creature that was condemned to wear the shape of a great green caterpillar for a certain time. It was about two and a quarter inches long, a pea-green color, and dotted all over with little feathery-looking tufts of spines, which, however, did not feel in the least feathery, for if you chanced to touch one of them it would give you a sharp sting.

Tufty never murmured at his lot, even though people, when they saw him, were apt to cry out, "Oh! see that ugly green worm!" but he crawled around patiently, and no one would have thought from his behavior that he expected ever to be anything but a big green caterpillar. One day Tufty crawled along the path right in front of me, and I, believing that he was some beautiful creature in disguise, picked him up carefully on a large leaf and carried him home with me.

I established my pet in a nice cardboard box with glass over the top and air-holes in the sides But what to feed Tufty I didn't know. He refused elm and maple leaves, clover, and everything else I offered him, and for twenty-four hours the poor thing ate nothing. Finally I offered a blade of corn, and Tufty ate ravenously, like a half-starved creature, as he no doubt was.

For as much as two weeks Tufty lived in his box, nibbling fresh corn-blades every day; then one day he cuddled down in one corner of the box and covered himself all up with a web which he spun himself. How do you suppose he managed to do it? I cannot tell, for I did not get there until the work was about half done, and Tufty looked odd enough, his little shining black head moving back and forth under the loose web he had already made. He made it thicker and thicker, till he was quite hidden from sight in a little box-like apartment, which certainly did not look large enough to contain him.

This was in August, and I never saw Tufty again in the shape of a caterpillar. I brought him home with me from the country in his little brown box, and kept him until January. During all this time I never heard him stirring the least bit. I couldn't resist making a tiny hole with a pin in one end of the box, though the web was so strong and tough as to be very difficult to break. I peeped in, but—where was Tufty gone? There was nothing inside that looked at all like him; nothing but a little dark-brown, shiny object, smooth, and oval in shape. Still, having made up my mind not to expect to see Tufty in his proper shape for some time, I wasn't going to give up, no matter how many forms he might assume in the meantime.

One evening early in January, when I went to my room at bedtime, there was a beautiful winged creature perched on a little picture-frame near the box in which Tufty had been

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kept. I examined the little brown box which he had made for himself so many months before; a larger hole than the one I had made allowed me to see that it was empty. The pretty creature on the picture-frame then was Tufty, appearing in his own form at last. He had an orange and red body, which alone looked too large to have come out of the hole in the little brown box; and his wings measured three inches from tip to tip. The front pair were fawn-colored, with pretty yellowish-white markings, and the hinder ones brown, with wavy bands of dull red, orange, and black on the lower edge. In the middle of each of these hinder wings was a large spot of blue bordered with black, and in the middle of each spot a white streak. His head was a red-orange color and like velvet.

Perhaps you will think this isn't a fairy story after all when I tell you that Tufty had changed from a caterpillar into a fine moth of the kind the naturalists call Saturnia Io; but stop and consider whether you ever heard of anything more wonderful. First a big green caterpillar; then a little brown chrysalis, much smaller than the caterpillar, and hidden away in a box or cocoon of its own manufacture; next, a beautiful creature with wings, looking as unlike either caterpillar or chrysalis as possible.

What One Doll Has Done

Ciley, everybody calls her. She has grown up on the street, down on the East Side, under the care of a most loving brother. Neither of them is pretty, yet you could not pass them by without looking at them.

Jimmy is twelve; Ciley is just beginning to walk. Her nursery has been the East Side streets in New York, and as large as the number of streets Jimmy could carry her through. Both are very thin. Always, everywhere, Jimmy and Ciley are together. When Jimmy plays marbles, Ciley is hanging on his back or on his knee, or sitting on the sidewalk beside him.

There is a children's playground near their home, opened last year. In this is a sand-pile. After much coaxing, Ciley was willing to sit in the sand last year; but if Jimmy moved away, the small girl yelled until he came back and stood beside her. This year a baby swing is in this yard, and Ciley was coaxed to sit in it. It is like a close-fitting chair, and the straps in front give Ciley the assurance she cannot fall out. It is worth a long walk to see this little girl in this swing. Such perfect content makes you happy. Jimmy can play or swing in the big swing; Ciley is too happy to miss him.

One day a doll was found in a closet. She had been very pretty, but a club of small girls had played with her, and evidently not gently. You know how one small girl can make a doll look, so you can imagine how twenty small girls can make one doll look. One leg is gone, and the foot of the other leg; one arm is gone entirely, and the other from the elbow. Her beautiful hair is a tangled mop. Her clothes have not been torn. When the doll was found, Ciley was in the yard. She was called indoors and given the doll. For one minute she did not move, then a most beautiful smile broke over her little white face, and she turned away, carrying the broken doll with great tenderness close in her arms. She went to the swing to be put in it. As soon as she was in it, she smoothed the doll's dress and hair with her hand, and then began humming it to sleep. Ciley was not allowed to take the doll home. The moment she came into the yard she made the caretaker understand she wanted the doll.

One day a lady saw Ciley with the doll. She told some friends, and they at once decided that Ciley should have a doll of her own.

A week ago she came to the playground with her own doll—a beautiful doll with golden curls all over its head, a gingham dress with a white guimpe, pretty black stockings and slippers and white underclothes, all made by hand, with the daintiest stitches. I doubt if in all the city of New York there is a happier little girl than Ciley; and if you watch Jimmy's face, you will see one of the happiest boy faces in New York. When Ciley is happy, you know how Jimmy feels.

A Puzzling Example

By Virginia S. Benjamin

Dot is five and Jack is ten,
She's just half as old as he;
When she's ten, why, Jack will be
Only one-third more than she.
When Jack is twenty she'll be then
Just three-fourths as old as he.
Now Dot's puzzled—don't you see?—
To know just how long it will be
Till she's as old as brother Jack,
Who now is twice as old as she.

—*St. Nicholas.*

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The Home Club

Men's Manners

We are accustomed to the statement that the American men of to-day are not as chivalrous as were their fathers and grandfathers. The absence of many courtesies that make life more pleasant is deplored. Is not the reason to be found in the changed relation of the woman? To-day she is the natural competitor of men in every field where ability and equipment tell. In the field of sports she enters to win—often wins with a man against her. The woman of to-day finds the whole world the field for her activities; without intention, she is often the successful competitor of men in the business world. Her pictures go to the hanging committee with no distinctive mark but that which her genius has put upon it. Her model goes to the Patent Office under the same laws, subject to the same decisions, as those of father, brother, or husband. If there is in the commercial world any distinction, it is that she receives lower wages than the man when doing the same work.

Recently a woman prominent in Washington State circles died. In the obituary notice recounting her value to the world in which her husband's position placed her, it was stated that one of her charms was that she had the peculiar graces that are natural to a woman not physically strong, who expected to be remembered and cared for. The world of women who expect to be cared for is growing less every year. Whether this is a subject to deplore or rejoice over is a question. The week that recorded the death of this wife of a prominent statesman recorded the death of another prominent woman. The newspaper referred to the difference in the two, saying that the last mentioned was the source of strength and inspiration, her power being felt in every administration that brought her husband into prominence.

Who knows that fragile women are not also a source of inspiration, sometimes a more positive factor in the husband's development? A bright, pretty college girl present when the comment was made sorrowfully that men paid not the slightest attention to women in crowds or crowded cars, while women struggled as fiercely for an advantage as men, said, cheerfully, "I do not want them to remember I'm a woman. I want the opportunity to make my own place, without concessions to my sex." "How angry it makes you to feel a man is not playing fair in tennis or golf! How you are bored when you discover that he is playing to let you win!" said another college girl. "How can we treat every woman as if she were a fine lady? Imagine a fine lady clambering on a street-car in a hurry with a conductor calling 'Hurry up!' 'Step lively!'" said a man who considers himself a fine judge of manners, as well as the epitome of fine manners. Imagine a fine gentleman holding such views! was the inward comment of those who heard him. Yes, the manners of men have changed, but so have the manners of women. A fair field and no favor is given by the one, and accepted by the other with a fair degree of cheerfulness. But deep down in most women's hearts there lies a feeling of regret. As long as the world lasts, a true woman will rejoice to find herself the object of tender care by a man. Economics are weaker than nature.

Public Health and Beef and Milk Products

The New York State Board of Health appointed a "Tuberculosis Committee" to make a special study and investigation and report to the Board the health conditions of the cattle in the State. The Chairman of the "Tuberculosis Committee" reports that no tuberculous cattle have been destroyed by the agents of the Board of Health for two months; that owners who are willing to pay for the testing of their own cattle are invariably found to be willing to destroy all diseased cattle in their herds. The distribution of circulars of information and instruction, the Committee reports, is bearing fruit throughout the entire State. The Committee recommend that, for the protection of public health, the sale of the products of diseased cattle be prevented by placing all diseased cattle in quarantine in the locality where they are discovered. The local health authorities can accomplish infinitely more good if left to deal with the local problems under the State Board of Health.

The importing of cattle from Canada and from the Western States is a source of anxiety to the State Board of Health. Within one month from seven to ten per cent. of

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the cattle from some of the Western States have been rejected, but as it is left optional with the owners of the diseased cattle whether they are killed or not, the efficiency of this State work is limited to just that extent. What is needed is larger appropriations, the Committee believe, that would keep inspectors at Buffalo and all other points in the State where cattle pass through from other territory. The Committee also advise that this matter receive special attention from the Department of Animal Industries.

Children in the Streets

The philosophy of the Quaker idea of working in silence is well understood. Comparatively few know that there is an organization—a subdivision of the "Friends' Yearly Meeting"—called the "Prison Reform Committee" of the New York Monthly Meeting of Friends. This Committee began years ago agitating the appointment of police matrons. They, with other women's organizations, succeeded in their effort, and to-day there are thirty matrons in police stations in the Borough of Manhattan. At one of the regular monthly meetings held in the Friends' School-house, 226 East Sixteenth Street, it was decided by the Prison Reform Committee that all had not been accomplished that might be through the appointment of matrons to the police stations. The first reform that they wish to accomplish is in regard to the cases of children who are found in the streets and taken to station-houses—technically, the lost children. The Committee believe that where the same child is found astray more than once, detectives should make an investigation to see whether the parents or guardians are negligent. One station-house in New York averages two hundred lost children per month. To find the cause of this number of stray children on the streets of one precinct is one of the things the Committee wish to discover. It urges strongly that every child should have about it, somewhere, its name and address, for then the officer finding it could return the child to its home instead of sending it to a station-house, which this Committee believe to be demoralizing to children. It has been discovered in some instances that mothers deliberately put the children on the streets, expecting to have them taken care of at the station-house; and just here is shown one of the reasons of using the playgrounds of the public schools of the city after school hours and during vacation. It is almost impossible, if not quite so, for a woman with a number of little children, living up three or four flights of stairs in the rear of a big tenement, to subject her children to the confinement of those rooms. If she does not do this, how can she watch them if she lets them go in the street? The children, as was proved this summer, are glad to go to the school-house grounds, and it is discovered that the mothers take them there and go after them at specified hours.

Another reform is in regard to the commitment of disorderly women. The Prison Reform Committee wish to have such women sent to the Workhouse on a cumulative sentence.

The quiet, effective work of these Quaker women has told in many directions on civic life in New York. They have worked with other organizations and have accepted the assistance of other organizations.

The War of the Chinch-Bug

The chinch-bug is destroying the grass in the Borough of Brooklyn. The Tree-Planting and Fountain Society communicated with the Department of Agriculture, and the entomologist of the Department replied: "On these little city grass-plots the insects can be readily destroyed by spraying copiously with a diluted kerosene emulsion, and this course should be immediately followed to prevent further damage. I advise the immediate use of the standard kerosene soap emulsion, one part to be diluted with twelve of water, the emulsion to be made according to the following formula: Kerosene, two gallons; one-half pound whale-oil soap (or one quart soft soap); one gallon water." This remedy is easily applied.

Women and the Labor Commission

As one of the results of the recent Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, a direct and positive effort is being made to have a woman appointed as one of the National Labor Commissioners. The claim is made that the wage-earning women will find their interests best served with a woman on the Commission. The Federation appointed a committee to investigate and report on the condition of women wage-earners, especially in large cities. The members who are in touch with the authorities in Washington believe there is a fair prospect that they will succeed in getting a woman on the National Labor Commission.

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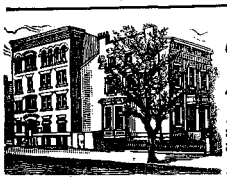

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Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Brooklyn, will preach the sermon. Addresses will be given by the President of the Board, a good number of the missionaries from the field, members of the Deputation to China, the Committee of Fifteen, and others, both pastors and workers. The annual reports of the work will be given by the officers of the Board.

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